PHILOMYTHIE
or
PHILOMYTHOLOGIE
wherein
Outlandish Birds, Beasts, and Fishes, are taught to Speake true English plainely.

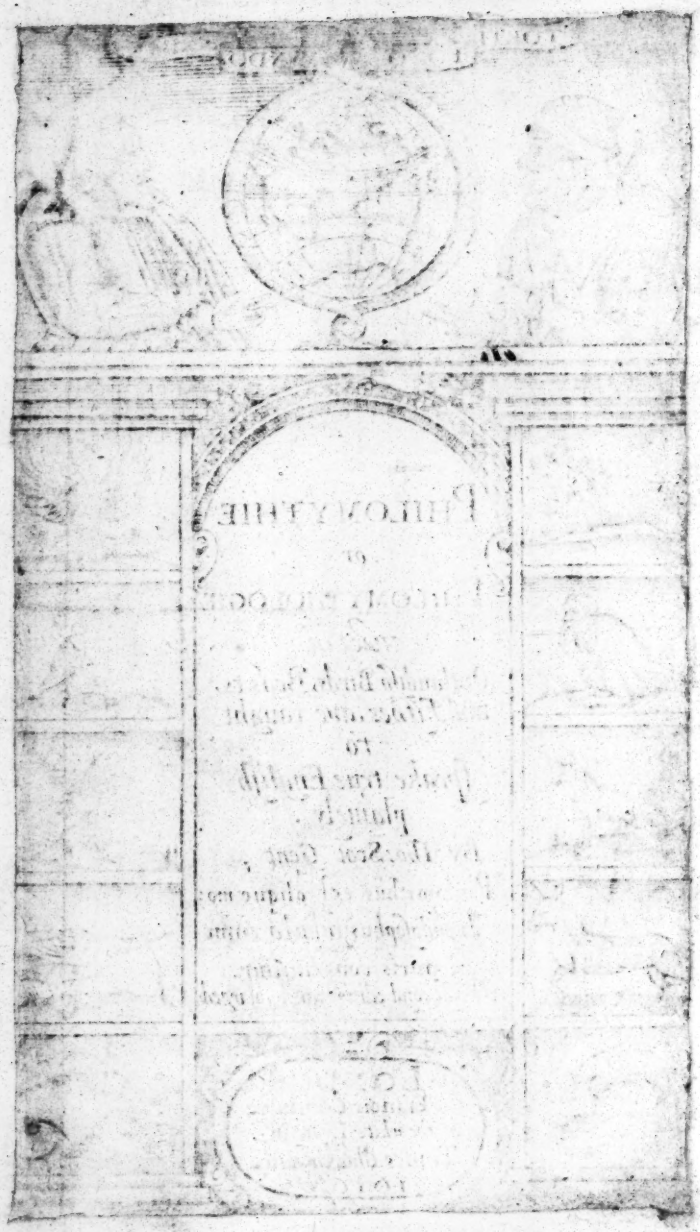
By Tho: Scot Gent.

Philomithus est aliquo modo philosophus: fabula enim ex miris constituitur.

The second edition much inlarged

LONDON
for Francis Constable
at the white Lyon in
Paules Church-yard.
1616.

R. Elstracke sculp.



A PRÆMONITION
to the intelligent Reader.

Leſt hee finding his affection
or opinion croſt in the praiſe ot diſpraiſe of
ſome particular, ſhould thereby be
drawn to reade or reiect the reſt
with Præiudice.

WHo ſafely in the ſtreame would ſwim,
Muſt free from weeds keepe euery lym;
Leſt ſtaue vnto himſelfe he grow,
And vulgar humour drawes him low;
Or ventring in the deeps (too weake,)
Opinions windie bladder breake.
"We ought both in our ſelues and frends,
"To hate all acts with doubtfull ends;
"And loue euen in our foes the good
"Which may be ſeuer'd from their blood.

And if the times miſlead vs ſo,
To ſooth thoſe ſinnes we would not do,
At leaſt (like free-men) let vs thinke
What's good and bad, although we winke.
To this free nature if you finde
Theſe buſie papers much inclinde;
Yet pardon them, and iudge aright,
A free-man (not a ſlaue) did write.
Read for your pleaſure, cloſe the Booke,
On th'innocent outſide all may looke.
Th'intelligent within may prie.
But barre th' Intelligencers eye.

THOMAS SCOT.

SARCASMOS MVNDO,

OR

The Frontiſpice explaned,

HOw apt is Man to erre? Antiquitie
Thinks it ſees right, and yet ſees all awry.
Our ſight is impotent, the helpe we haue
By [a] Art-full ſpectacles, doth much depraue
The truth of obiects; And tradition ſayth
Bookes vſe to lye, And [b] Bookes deny her faith.
Eccliſpes of the Sunne were wonders thought
Till ſage *Mileſius* the cauſe out-ſought.
And man had not the wit to make a doubt
Of halfe the world, till fortune found it out.
But what this Age hath ſeene, makes that ſeeme truth
The laughing wiſeman wrote, which made the youth
Shed teares to reade it; that more worlds remaine
Still vndiſcouer'd then are yet made plaine.
Deepe diuing *Paracelſus* findes the ground
With minerals and mettals to abound,
More proper for our humours then the weeds,
Hearbs, plants, and flowers, which ſpring from weaker ſeeds.
This earth we liue on and do ſtedfaſt call,
Copernicus prooues giddy-braínde, and all

a *Arts and Natures ſpectacles to help imperfections. If they be not whole and fit for the party that vſeth them, they rather hurt then inlighten iudgement.*

b *The Romiſh Catholicks oppoſe the written word with traditions, or vnwritten verities, as they falſly call them.*

Thales.

Columbus.

Democr. Alex. Mag.

Thoſe other bodies whoſe ſwift motions we
So wonder at, he ſetled findes to be.
Till ſanctified [c] *Ignatius* and his brood
Found out the lawfull way of ſhedding blood,
And proued it plainely that a ſubiect might
Murther his *Prince*, we fondly vſde t'indite
Such perſons of high treaſon: Now before them
We kneele, we pray, we worſhip and adore them.
For with their merits now w'are more acquainted
And know for zealous *Patriots* they are ſaincted.
His power that doth it, till of late we doubted
But now who queſtions it to death are flouted.
Then let what I propound no wonder ſeeme,
Though doting age new truthes do diſ-eſteeme,
For time may make it plaine, and reaſon too
May beare it out, though ſure with much adoe.
Cauſes forgoe effects by courſe of kinde,
Yet firſt th'effect and then the cauſe we finde.
And ſo muſt I do here, propound the thing,
But ſtronger reaſon after-times may bring.
Attend my Doctrine then. I ſay this Earth
On which we tread, from whence we take our birth
Is not, as ſome haue thought proportion'd round,
And *Globe-like* with ſuch zones, and girdles bound,
As *Poets* or (more lyers) *Trauellers* ſay,
But ſhaped awry, and lookes an other way.
It is a monſtrous Creature like a Man,
Thruſt altogether on a heape, we can
Diſtinguiſh no part, goggle eyes, wide mouth,
Eares that reach both the poles from north to ſouth
Crumpſhouldred, breaſt, & back, & thighes togethe
The legs and feet all one, if it hath either.

[c] *The founder of the Ieſuits.*

Ne mireris obſecro, ſi rationes de iis afferre non poſſim: ſatis factum putare debes, ſi non minus probabiles quã quiuis alius, rationes attulerim. Aequum eſt meminiſſe & me qui diſſeram, & vos qui iudicabitis homines eſſe: vt ſi probabilia dicentur nihil vlterius requiratis. Plat. in Timæo.

n breefe it is the greateſt Maſter *Deuill*
hrowne downe from heauen, in whoſe wombe euery
s radically fixt, and from thence ſprings euill
nfuſing natiue euill, in all ſuch things
s it doth breed and nouriſh. The place of *Hell*
s in his wombe, there leſſer deuills do dwell.
nd when he ſtirres a limme, or breaketh winde,
Ve call't an earth-quake, and the danger finde.
ings, Emperours, and mighty men that tread
n higheſt ſtate, are lyce vpon his head.
he *Pope* and all his traine are ſkipping fleas
hat know no bounds, but leape lands-law and ſeas,
he reſt are nits or body-lyce, that craule
ut of his ſweat, ſuch vermin are we all.
rom heauen this monſter fell, and now doth lye
ruzde with the fall, paſt all recouery.
Neither aliue, nor dead, nor whole, nor ſound,
inking, and ſwimming, in a ſea profound
f ſinne, and puniſhment, of paine, and terror,
f learned ignorance, and knowing error.
o wonder then, that we who liue and dye
n curſed earth, do all things thus awry,
eing monſtrous in our manners, and our minds,
nd mixing in the luſt-full change of kinds.
hat we are full of paſsions, doubts, and feares,
nd daily fall together by the eares.
o wonder that the Clergy would be Kings,
ings Church-men; Lords and Ladies equall things;
o like in painting, ſpotting, ſtarching, all,
hat Ladies Lords, and Lords we Madams call.
or euen as Hares change ſhape and ſex, ſome ſay
nce euery yeare; theſe whores do euery day,

So that *Hirquittall* and his wife were wäken
By *Succubus* and *Incubus*, miſtaken.
No wonder that Diuines the Paraſites play
In ieaſt and earneſt; Actors euery way.
No wonder that ſome theeues doe Lawyers proue,
Since all theſe euills by courſe of nature moue,
So farre that it is queſtion'd 'mongſt the wiſe
Which now is vertue, and which now is vice.
Two Crookbacks (not the third *Dick Gloſter*, hight,
We will haue none of him, for he would fight)
Debate this queſtion, each aſſumes his part.
Æſope for vertue ſtands, and all his art,
Is to inſtruct the world to leaue the ſinne,
And folly, which it lyes incompaſt in;
Weeps to beholde it circled ſo with vices,
Whoſe ſerpentine and poyſond ſting, intices
To fading pleaſure, and to deadly paine,
By vſe ſoone caught, but hardly left againe.
He wries his necke at earth, but 'tis to ſee
How out of order euery part will bee.
He wills each *Reader* if my tales be darke,
To iudge the beſt, the morall ſtill to marke.
And where they finde a doubtfull meaning, there
To hold an euen courſe, and with compaſſe ſtere.
But where ſtrict rigor might inforce a doubt,
T'incline to fauour, and to helpe me out.
On th'other ſide doth learned *Tortus* ſtand
Concomitant, and beates the world in hand
That *Æſope* and ſome *Stigmaticks* beſide,
(In ſhape and wit) did call well-fauour'd *Pride*
A vice, becauſe themſelues were ſo deform'd;
At euery pleaſure they with malice ſtorm'd;

But wiſer much, he doth with better face,
With equall wit, worth, knowledge (but leſſe grace)
Confront ſuch fond aſſertions, lookes awry
On all the world of vertue, giues the lye
To iudgment, and with crooked minde and backe
(*Thirſites* like) vnloades this learned packe.
He teacheth firſt that *Æſope* was a ſlaue,
" But Man's free borne, and freedome ought to haue,
" To worke his owne good pleaſure, fayre content;
" Who liues not thus, hath his whole life miſ-ſpent.
This rule he followes, and laies violent hands
On all that his pride, luſt and will withſtands.
Calls his affection reaſon; his deſire
And appetite, ſets all his world on fire.
His childe, his wife, his neighbour, or his friend,
Is for his pleaſure loued; without that end
No King, nor great Lord, can forget ſo ſoone
And ſlight deſert, as he hath often done.
Baſtards are true legitimates, he ſaith:
And enemies then friends, haue far more faith.
His neighbors are moſt ſtrangers, and before
A modeſt wife, he likes a ſhameleſſe whore.
For many whores (he ſaith) he often kept
Without diſturbance; but one night, hauing ſlept
In twenty yeares with his true wife, th'aſſault
Of many Sumners did correct the fault.
What we terme cowardice, he doth valure call,
And in that valure he exceedeth all.
An oyſter-wife once beat him, brauely hee
Bore all her blowes, but wanted heart to flee.
He will on Sundaies with an *Abbot* dine,
On Frydaies, with a brother *Libertine*,

And euery day drinke health's vp to the eye.
He treads not right vnles he treads awry.
The Man of sinne himselfe, is not more free
In doing all forbidden sinnes then hee.
For what he speakes or teacheth, writes or reads,
Only speaks pleasure, and to pleasure leads.
Had [d] *Nero's* froward Tutor (too precise)
Been like our *Philosarchus*, pleasure wise,
And pliant to all humors but the good,
He had with surfets dyd'e, not lacke of blood.
Learn'd *Aretine* he reads, and can expound
His modest pictures with a touch profound.
That part is his of euery tongue, and arte,
Which stricter *Idiots* tremble at, and starte
To heare recited. This, this man is hee
Who on the forefront you with *Æsope* see.
Æsope that lookes awry on all mens vice;
But this on vertue casteth from full eyes.
Æsope makes birds, beasts, fishes, speake and liue
As if their liues should Man example giue
To practise vertue. This (with apt beheasts)
Doth teach all men how to become like beasts.
And saith, whose life these creatures most resemble
Comes neerest truth, and so doth least dissemble.
That Nature is the best guide, if we please
To follow her, then we must follow these.
For these obserue her rules, and are not spoyl'd
B' arte, nor haue their able organs foyl'd
With abstinence and lacke of vse, but still
Directed are by appetite and will.
[e] In Kings he would no other vertue see
Then what in Lyons, and in Eagles bee:

[d] *The fault of Seneca and Sir Thomas Ouerburie.*

[e] *Looke on the front.*

To prey on all, to make their will a law,
To tyrannize, to rule by force and awe,
To feare no higher powers, to do no good,
But liue to glut themselues with guiltlesse blood.
Courtiers he would haue fashion'd like to apes,
So fond their gestures, so deformde their shapes:
So full of idle imitation found,
That scorne in them, our stages might confound.
That they shold starch & paint white, red, blew, yellow,
And then all blacke, that other fooles might follow.
Diuines of Owles he would haue learne to shreike,
As if they hated all the world did like:
But hauing got a tree and Iuy bush,
He then would haue them mute, and dumbe, and hush,
To serue all purposes, to hate the light,
And prooue right Blackbirds, children of the night,
Men that want wit, yet haue great place in State,
He would haue like to Parrots, learne to prate
Of others, till with Almonds they were fed.
The rest like Foxes he would still haue bred
Close, craftie, indirect, to get by stealth
The goods both of the Church and Commonwealth.
All subiects and inferiors he would haue
Themselues like Geese, and Asses to behaue.
Rich men and *Vsurers* to swallow all
Directed by the *Dolphine*, and the *Whale*.
All men like *Dogs* to flatter, and to bite,
And misinterpret what we speake or write.
He wills all those that on my payers looke,
To make each line a libell in my booke:
To poyson with their eyes what'ere they see,
And make themselues sport, and make worke for me.

f *Many of his schollers haue learned this lesson.*

Not

Not to beleiue the morall, but to ſeeke
An other meaning whatſoe're they like,
And call it mine, and ſweare I meant the ſame,
Although I would not perſons plainly name.
And then he wils them laugh to ſeeke the ieaſt.
" An others miſchiefe, makes a merry feaſt.
This Doctor is our Ages guide and Tutor,
The world his Schole, the fleſh his Coadiutor,
No wonder then if we liue all awry,
When on our Maſter we caſt ſteady eye.
[g] *Regis ad exemplum. &c.* For [g] *Alexanders* necke can teach vs this,
" The Schole and Court by greatnes faſhion'd is,
Thus our great Maſters crookedneſſe is ſpide
In vs his followers, who no good parts hide
That he hath learnd vs, but proclaime aloude
The cauſe which makes our vertuous Tutor proud,
If any ſeeke his name, and liſt to come
To ſchole, enquire for *Murus & Anrum.*

A SVPPLY OF THE description of a MONSIER

* Quasi dorsum pandus.

PANDORSVS WALDOLYNNATYS, that merry American Philosopher, or the Wiseman of the New World, being Antipode to *Æsop*, placed with him as parallel in the front. Done according to the simple truth of his owne naked deliuery.

And dedicated to THOMAS THVRSBY Esquire, no lesse fit to be publicke, then desirous of retirement and priuacie,

YOV shun all office, though your state and wit
With long experience makes you truly fit;
Wherefore Pandorsus *wils me pricke you heere,*
Shriefe in my booke, who might be in the Sheere.

AS the *East* and *West* are opposite, so stand
These *Wise-men* in the front on either hand.
Æsope well known an *Easterne* witty thing:
But our *Pandorsus Westerne fame* I sing;
Whose picture in the *Front*, whose markes before,
Behinde, within, without, I late did score;
Yet lest that picture, not these markes, should make
His worth enough apparant, briefely take

His

His life anatomiz'de, but chiefly where
It may our ſucklings with example rere.
The lines are drawne euen by his owne true ſight,
From partiall flattery free, and enuious ſpight.
Within that *Shiere* where *Hyndes* with dumplings
Beget beſt Lawyers, was *Pandorſus* bred: fed,
But for his *Parents* were of better ranke,
And in a *Coaſte Towne* dwelt, they Clarret dranke,
And wrie-mouth'd *Plaice, brets, butts,* & *ſoles* did eate,
And crooked *Crabs*, with ſuch prodigious meate.
Thus for a wonder they preparde in feeding:
And ſuch hee proou'de, who from that roote had bree-
Though no *Pandora*, yet *Pandorſus* he, ding,
For vice as famous, as for vertue ſhee.
Each God gaue her a grace, and gaue ſo much
As more then *Momus* thought there was no ſuch.
But what to her they gaue, from him they tooke,
And now in vaine for grace in earth we looke.
Looke for effects according to the cauſe:
" Our childrens faults are moulded in our mawes.
This ſalt-freſh-water-daintie diet fed
The parts concupiſcible, and there bred
An itching humor, whence extracted was
This quinteſſence of contraries, this maſſe
Of Natures ſhreds and parcels, who partakes
A part of all, which imperfection makes.
A Foxes braines, knowing much wrong, no right;
Gote-bearded, ſweete-fac'de, like a Catamite;
Toung'de Lawyer-like, all terme without vacation;
A Baboones loynes, deſiring occupation;
Crumpe-Cammell-ſhoulder'd, neckt as ſtraight as Lynx
One eye like to a Molls, t'other like Lynx;

A Lyons ſtomack, not to fight but feede;
A Hare in heart, aud yet a Snaile in ſpeede.
This is the man whom we *Pandorſus* call.
Whoſe armes or *Rebus* thus we blaſen ſhall.

Vpon a ſtately wall *Saint George* doth ride
(Wanting a horſe) in pompe and armed pride;
Beneath there is a Den, in that the Dragon.
This tells his name, whoſe worthy parts we brag on.
It is his owne deuice, let all men know:
So is the reſt which we in order ſhow.

His Mothers Husband (who reputed was
His Father) being rich and well to paſſe,
A wealthy Merchant and an Alderman,
On forraigne ſhores did trauell now and than,
The whilſt a Gallant Souldier, new come forth
From warre begot this man of mickle worth.
This gallant Souldier, then from *Belgia* brought
A wondrous Mandrake (with much perill bought)
Sprung (though ſome thinke it fabulous) from ſeed
The gallowes drop (for ſo this roote doth breed,)
Which whilſt his mother did in pleaſure eye,
Our *Mounſiers* ſhape, ſhe did conceiue thereby.
Much like that Mandrake, writhen, turning round,
As from the gallowes he had dropt to ground.
And let no doubtfull Reader much admire,
A *Myrmidon* ſhould be *Pandorſus* Syre,
For as there's none with vs get brauer men
Then Lawyers, or the tender Citizen,
So none more cowards get, then thoſe which are
Our braueſt Spirits, moſt renownde in warre.
The cauſe I know not, or I liſt not tell,
But ſo it oft falles, and heere ſo fell.

None

None bolder then *Pandorſus* Syre, then he
None fearfuller; and yet he needs would be
A Souldier, where the Muſter-booke he fild,
But fought with none, nor ne're ſaw any kild.
Artemon was more hardy though afraid
Of his owne ſhadow. Wagers haue beene laid,
That let an enemie fart, he would out-run
An Iriſhman, for feare t'had been a gun.
Where learned *Spencer* maketh harna'ſt *Feare*
Afraid the claſhing of his armes to heare,
That apprehenſion he from hence did gaine,
Our *Monſieur* did, what *Spencer* did but faine.
But ſtay, I haue forgot to let you know
His education, and to ſhew you how
(Being nuſled vp in Letters he in ſport
His time wore out at *Schole* and *Innes* of *Court*,
Yet ſo as once a *Gipſie*, who did looke
Vpon his Palme, ſaid, he ſhould liue by's booke;
Which fortune ſome conceiue hath doubtfull ſcope,
As if his booke ſhould ſaue him from the rope,
But ſince he prooues, it meant another thing,
That teaching Tongues, he ſhould liue like a King,
And ſo he now doth, liuing as he luſt,
And by his owne will meaſuring what is iuſt.
For being ſet to Schole when he was young,
He of all knowledge learn'd both taile and tongue.
Th'*Italian*, *Latin*, *Spaniſh* and the *French*,
He grew as cunning in as at a *Wench*.
A *Dictionary* of all words of Art,
And *Lullies* old-ends, he hath got by heart.
Th'apparell of all knowledge he doth weare,
And 'bout him (*Bias*-like) his wealth doth beare.

And now (growne ripe) he doth religion chooſe
That's moſt in faſhion, as our great ones vſe:
But otherwiſe for truth hee'le neuer burne,
Th'aduantage of his wry-necke helps him turne,
He knowes the way, and wills the world ne're dout,
That comming raw in, hee'le go roſted out.
In youth he tooke to Wife a louely *Dame*,
Not hight the chaſt *Penelope* by name,
But worthy ſuch an attribute, for ſhee
Her wandring looſe *Vliſſes* did not ſee
In twenty yeeres, and yet t'is thought her bed
Shee kept vnſtain'd, and vn-ad-horn'd his head.
But what a bleſsing was, he thought a curſe,
His wife had better beene, had ſhee been worſe,
Her goodneſſe made him hate her; ſhe had dide
But that a dozen muſt be kil'd beſide.
He knew not then (as I haue heard him ſay)
Th'Italian tricke, but the plaine Engliſh way,
Of ſimple Country poyſoning, now he knowes
To do't by inches; Court perfection growes.
Lopus and *Squire*, are not ſo skill'd as hee,
Nor ſcarce *Romes Conclaue* in that myſterie.
He can a nullitie worke, diuorce the life
Twixt ſoule and body, ſooner then ſome wife.
And if his tricke be knowne, men ne're will ſeeke
A doubtfull way by law, but do the like.
His wife thus ſcap'd a ſcouring, ſo did he
When, being merry once in company
And paſsing Smith-field (then vnpau'd) too late
With rich Canary hauing linde his pate,
The owle-eyd *Sharkers* ſpied him, how he felt
To finde a poſt; his meaning ſoone they ſmelt;

And then the ſhirdieſt knaue, with ſodaine ruſh,
Our wauering *Monſieur* on his knees did puſh,
The whil'ſt an other kindly to him ſpoke,
Help't him out of the durt, and chang'd his cloake.
This cloke he wore next day, and paſsing by
A Brokers ſhop, the prentice lowde gan cry
Sirs ſtop the theefe, the cloake this fellow weares
Is mine: with that they ſwarm'd about his eares,
Conuayde him to a Iuſtice, where one ſwore
He had been branded *ſtigmatiſke* before.
Another ſaid, he was the man that hung
Three dayes beyond Seas, as the ballad ſung;
The cauſe why he his necke awry, did hold,
Was for he hang'd long, and was ta'ne downe cold:
But to the Iuſtice being throughly knowne,
For carrying letters where't muſt not be ſhowne,
And for his skill, each moderne language ſpeaking,
And wondrous Art, to ſilence dores from ſqueaking,
With loſſe of his good *cloke*, he ſlipt the hooke,
And thus he once was ſaued by his booke.

Thus farre I ſtretch my lines, thus farre he liues,
And more I'le write, when he direction giues:
But if I die, theſe lines ſhall be the glaſſe
His worth to ſhew, and how I thankfull was.

T

To the ouer-wise, ouer-wilfull, ouer-curious, or ouer-captious Readers.

I Faine would tell some Tales, but I de be loth,
To haue men be so wise to thinke them troth.
This is wondrous witty age that sees
Beyond the truth of things, forty degrees.
Each Riddle now hath Poyson in't; each Rime
On the blancke Almanack, points at guilty time.
Æsope must make no Lyons roare, nor Eagles
Shrike loude, nor Wolues rauin, nor swift Beagles
Yelpe with their slauering lips after the Foxe,
Nor must he meddle with the Asse, or Oxe,
For feare some querke be found, to proue he ment
Vnder those shapes, a priuate spleene to vent
Against wise vigilant Statists, who like Ianus,
Looke both waies squint, and both waies guard and saue vs.
Or that he closely would great Lawyers yerke,
Who build their nests, with ruines of the kirke:
Or that he touch't some Church-man, who to rise
One Steeples height, would tell Canonicall lies.
The Ghost of Virgils *Gnat would now sting so,*
That great men durst not in the City go
For feare of petty-Chapmen, with a Serieant,
And a slie Yeoman, noted in the Margeant.
If Spencer *now were liuing, to report*
His Mother Hubberts *tale, there would be sport:*

To see him in a blanket tost, and mounted
Vp to the starres, and yet no starre accounted.
I dare not for my life in all my tale,
Vse any English Bird, Beast, Worme, or Snaile,
Or Fish that in the narrow Seas do trauell.
(Although each Pyrat dares) lest some should cauell,
And finde it did belong in times of yore
To some blew sleeue, (but shall do so no more)
Or that the Maker of new blood, the Marrold,
(Cleped in our Welch-Scoth and English Harrold)
Had (too too cheape) for fine pound. it entailed
On some bold Britaine, and by warrant nailed,
To him and to his house, and double voucher,
Fine, and recouery; and then who dare touch her?
Not I, I loue my ease too well, my money,
My eares, my liberty; he longs for hony,
That mongst the angry Wasps thrusts his bold fingers,
And from their neasts in Summer, hunts those stingers.
My valour is lesse hardy, my desire
Lesse hot. Ile blesse and blow, not kisse the fire.
Therefore auaunt all catholike Locusts, come
Into my tale nothing on this side Rome,
Nor in Virginia, though't be ours by lot,
And yet perhaps it may, perchaunc't may not.
I would not, if it lay in me to chuse,
Meddle with any thing we Christians vse:
But would all dealing with our owne eschew,
If other world, and elements I knew.
But since that Nature doth some gifts disperse
Alike to all within the Vniuerse;
And in a circular globe, tye those to these;
Mixt vs in common with th' Antipodes:

I cannot choose but do as nature doth,
Mixe many names and things well knowne to both.
Thus if by chance I vse Bird, Fish, or Beast,
Which is no dainty at a Mayors feast:
But oft familiar foode for euery Swaine,
That in our Countrey, Coast, and Woods remaine.
Yet still conceiue (I pray) those names I take
Not properly, but for your ignorance sake.
Or if they proper be, of all one kinde,
Yet difference in their place of birth we finde.
And in their natures. For though man be man,
Yet sure an Indian is no English man.
And so an Indian Asse, or Daw, or Trout,
Though we haue such, are none of ours no doubt:
But would be wonder here, and purses picke,
Since none but trauellers euer saw the like.
Excuse me then though with such names you meete:
They are not those that trauell in our streete,
But forreiners to vs and to our Nation,
Except by trade, commerce, or transplantation
Made our acquaintance. Hence thou subtile spies
Stretch not my tales to iustifie your lies.
If ought beside the morall you inuent,
Call it your owne, By me 'twas neuer ment.
My tale shall sort all Atheists well, and be
Of their religion, heathenish and free.
It shall make lust a Gospell and a Law,
(Not for the truth) but to keepe fooles in awe,
That when or Gospell or else Law doth thwart
Our willes, we then may neither reck a f——.
Come Ibis, *Leade the way; eate one snake more*
And be my fury; vsher on before.

I. IBIS.

DEDICATED

To the religious Knight

Sir EDMVND MONDEFORD,
and his *Lady* a true louer of
LEARNING.

KNowledge and Grace, are antidotes to you,
Who killing Serpents, do not Serpents grow.

Plin. lib. 8. Vespæ fiunt ex corporibus equorum mortuorum: apes ranarũ mortuarum: ranæ verò & angues ex putrefactione aquæ. Comment. in lib. 11. Arist. Metaphy.

EGYPT oppreſt with Serpents, either growing
From ſlimie NILVS fruitfull ouerflowing,
Or from the enuious bankes of *Tyber* ſent
To tell what farther harme the *Romans* ment:
Or by the foggy Southerne windes brought o're
From ſandy *Lybia* to this fertile ſhore:
Made *Ibis* Keeper of their liues and ſtates,
Who like a watchfull Porter, kept the gates
Where this infected Crue did vſe to enter:
And (as they came in poyſoned troopes) did venter
Mauger their ſting, and teeth, and venome too,
To ſwallow th'enuious Aſpes with ſmall adoe.

Ibis Serpentibus eſt inimica roſtro enim eos percutit, interficit & deuorat. Arist. i

S

So long she fed, that Egypt now seem'd free,
And scarce a Serpent in the land could see.
" But ouer-feeding hurts, as some men say,
" Though food be good: then surfet soone we may
" By poysoned bits. And *Ibis* found it true.
So that her glutted gorge shee's forc't to spue;
The noysome stinke whereof infecteth more
Then by those Serpents had been stung before,
And *Ibis* selfe (corrupte with the food)
Grew Serpentine, and did more harme then good.
Shee keeps no entrance now, but lets them passe,
And of their faction, and their treason, was
A cunning aider, and a close contriuer.
Al-gate Shee seem'd a diligent, faithfull diuer
Into their darker holes to search them out:
But truth it was to put them out of doubt,
That Shee their friend, they need not feare a foe,
But might at pleasure through the kingdome goe,
Whilst all neglected their increase, supposing,
Ibis their trusty warden, had been closing
The lands strong Ports, with skill to keepe these in,
And others out, till all had eaten bin.
But she had other aimes, and vnderhand,
Plac'd *Cockatrices* all about the land:
And such as these (who kin to serpents were)
Did she make Captaines, and to place preferre
Of chiefe command in warre: with hope to bring,
The Basiliske to be th'Egyptian king:
The Basiliske that at the head of Nile,
With deadly poyson doth the spring defile.
Thus *Ibis* faild them, and betraide their trust,
And now or die themselues, or kill they must.

Diodorus Siculus lib 3.

Plin. lib. 8. cap. 22. Cacoblepa aliàs Cacothepha.

And ſcarce was't in their choice. Such quick increaſe
" Hath bad things more then good in time of peace.
Yet th'Egyptians from ſecurer ſleepe,
Of fooliſh pitty, and remiſneſſe deepe,
Of fond credulity, and eaſie faith,
At laſt awak't, whatſ'euer *Ibis* ſaith,
Suſpects of fraud, of double-meaning, doubt,
And with quicke ſearch do finde the treaſon out.
Which *Ibis* ſeeing to be paſt preuention,
Paſt ſkill to cloke and couer with inuention:
With malice, enuie, feare, and horror ſwelling,
And other poyſon in her boſome dwelling,
Shee burſt aſunder, and preuents the paine
Her crime deſeru'd, but not the ſhame and ſtaine,
That the Egyptians left for after times,
To reade and wonder at in theſe few rimes.
" Whom Nature made good, cuſtome made vniuſt;
We truſted *Ibis*, but ſhe fail'd our truſt.
Let Reaſon rule, and Reaſon thus exhorts,
" Make not your will warden of your Cinque Ports.

Epimythium.

Plut. in vita Alex. mag.

PLutarch in the life of *Alexander* the Great, write of a Woman brought to a Serpentine and poy ſonous nature, by feeding ordinarily on Serpent This hath ſome reſemblance with this tale, whoſ Morall is, that man ſhould carefully guard himſelf from others, and from himſelfe: From others, becauſ though we come neere ſin, with a purpoſe to puniſ it; yet being full of contagion, the effect is haza dous

dous: much more when wee conuerſe with it daily; as they witneſſe, who keeping company with prophane, diſſolute, and blaſphemous perſons, doe often come out ſuch themſelues, ſeldome otherwiſe. Beware therefore of euill company, and euill cuſtome. To walke in the counſell of the wicked, leades you to ſtand in the way of ſinners, and cauſeth you to ſit in the ſeate of ſcorners. Pſalm. 1. To conuerſe with Hereticks vnder whatſoeuer pretence is dangerous. Thus therefore guard your ſelfe from outward inuaſion, from others; but keepe one eye to looke inward. The worſt company is at home, within a mans ſelfe. His ſenſes ſtirred vp to pleaſure, are ſo many Serpents in his boſome, ſeeking his deſtruction: neither will they eaſily be charmed. The ſting of ſinne is ſweet, but deadly. Set your vnſanctified appetite and will to gouerne theſe, and you are vndone. The fleſh will let in the world and the deuill, in ſtead of God and Heauen. But let your ſanctified Reaſon be your gouernour, and you are ſafe at home and abroad. *Mortifie therefore your members which are on the earth; fornication, vncleanneſſe, the inordinate affection, euill concupiſcence, and couetouſneſſe, which is Idolatry, &c.* P. Coloſſ. c. 3. v. 5. The place of greateſt danger where your foe may land and enter, is the Cinque-ports, the fiue ſenſes: watch therefore ouer theſe, and ouer your affections, and you are ſafe.

2. *Venaticum Iter.*

Dedicated

To the example of Temperance

Sr Henry Bedingfeild Knight, and to his Lady. the example of Loue.

You hunting loue, your fields are ſpread with ſheepe,
Looke that your hounds, your folds from foxes keepe.
Foxes and Wolues in ſheepskins range about,
Within opinions, Paraſites without.

TH' Egyptian Shepheards arm'd at all aſſayes
With Dogs and Sheephookes, ſat vpon the Layes,
At pleaſure piping many a learned ſonnet
Of fixed ſtarres, and each courſe-keeping plannet;
Of thunder, lightning, meteors, and the cauſe
Of changing kingdomes, and tranſlating lawes:
Why peſtilence did rage, why good men die,
Why *Nilus* ouerflowes the bankes ſo hie,
Why killing froſts, and ſuch aboundant ſnow,
That ruine falling, ruine as they thaw:
Why th'earth ſhould barren be, and famine breede
In the fat ſoile, though ſowne with better ſeede.

Wity water, ayre, the earth, and cheerefull fire
Should (being made for man) gainſt man conſpire,
And of themſelues (by nature neuer bidden)
Bring forth ſuch croſſe effects, vnheard and hidden,
To plague poore man, and liuing him t'intombe
In his owne ruines, e're the day of doome.
The cauſe of this, they wiſely found to be
Mans open ſins, and cloſe Hypocriſie.
And of this Theame diſcourſing too and fro,
Prouing it was, wiſhing it were not ſo,
The King came by, and with him many Nobles,
Whoſe peſtred traine the ſheep & ſhepheard troubles.
Poore Country, thou find'ſt this in corne and cattell,
When moſt remote frō Court, thou moſt doſt battell.
The King a hunting rides; the ſhepheards dogs
Would needs a hunting too, and onward iogs
Theſe iolly Currs: the Shepheards whoope amaine,
Hollow and whiſtle too, but all in vaine.
The Hunts-men rate, and like to mad men ride;
The Currs ſuppoſe they cheere them when they chide:
So on they go, and doe as others doo,
Throw vp their curld tailes, ſpend their weſands too,
And when they cannot top the reſt, run after
So long, till anger now is turn'd to laſter;
And now the King delights the Currs to heare,
For they are euer buſie in his eare;
And comming home to trencher-food they fall,
Prouing good blood-hounds ſome, good hartiers all.
They can draw dry-foot to the harmeleſſe game,
Whil'ſt Wolues and Foxes paſſe their noſes tame.
Thus fed by fat ſweet bones, they all proue gluttons,
And where they wont to guard, now kill our muttons.

They

They learned haue Court lore, and nothing failes;
Can fawne and flatter, nimbly wag their tailes;
And ſnarle, and bite, and beat the better hound.
Out of the Court, who their falſe hunting found
And now the time drawes on, the King againe
Rides out to hunt, and with him all his traine.
Theſe dogs are fore-moſt, and purſue the chace
With eager ſtomacks and with equall pace.
But being trencher-fed, the weather hot,
Themſelu's vnbreath'd, to hunting vſed not,
They ſoone are ſhaken off, and waxing ſlacke
Become the lag and hind moſt of the packe;
And ſtraight loſe ſight, ſent, hearing of the reſt.
So then to *Nilus*-ward they hold it beſt
To turne their courſe, with the coole waues to ſlake
The heat they got, for double diligence ſake.
The rougheſt, rudeſt, curſteſt Currre of all,
Which wont vpon the gentleſt Dogs to fall,
(And neither being Hound nor Maſtiffe bred,
Lyciſca. But of a mongrill kinde, by ſhee-Wolues fed,
Did ſilence ſuch as ſpent their ſweeter voyce
In tunefull tones, which Hunters eares reioyce,
Whil'ſt he nor at the fold would watch in darke,
Nor bite the Wolfe, nor with his harſh voyce barke,
Nor here amongſt the Hounds once open wide
His monſtrous chaps, except, to bite, or chide,
Or rauin and deuoure the daintyeſt meat
Which the induſtrious, not the ſlug ſhould eat,
And in deſpite of whips, though crouch and cry,
Would neuer mend, nor better grow thereby)
Led on the way, for he would ſtill be firſt,
His impudence was ſuch, and ſuch his thirſt.

Nor would he ſuffer any there to drinke
Till he had done. Ambitions eye doth thinke
To ſwallow all, and all too litle too,
For him that leaſt deſerues, and leaſt can doo.
But ſee a iuſt reward, whil'ſt thus he lies
Tending his pleaſure, from ths waues doth riſe
A cruell ſubtle Crocodile, who ſnatcheth
At him with her ſharpe fangs, and quickly catcheth
The lazie Curre; which ſtruggles, cryes, and ſtriues,
But all too late. Th'amphibious monſter diues
Vnder the waues; the Dog reſiſts in vaine,
Death ſwallowes him, The reſt run home amaine.
Home to the Sheepfolds, and attend the trade
They were by Arte traind to, by Nature made.
And fearing now the like, fore-warn'd by this,
When hot and dry they waxe, their cuſtome is,
At banks of *Nile* neuer to reſt and ſtay,
But here and there to lap, and ſo away;
Leſt otherwiſe ſome Crocodile being hid,
Should ſerue their ſloth, like as the other did.

Aelianus l. 2. Prætercurrunt autem ripam, & ſuſpurantes bibunt, quantùm eſt capere, iterum atque iterum.

Epimythium.

THis tale doth teach, each Man himſelfe t'apply
To his Vocation; not to looke awry
At Honors, Riches, Pleaſures, which are baites
The deuill layes in our way, and in them waites
To ſwallow vs, whileſt eagerly we ſeeke
To ſwallow and ingroſſe whatſ'ere we like:
Without reſpect what's honeſt, iuſt, and fit,
So we by any meanes can compaſſe it.

Each

Each hath his element, his toyle, and ſport,
The clowne the country, and the King his Court.
The Nobles in the Councell or the field,
The Sea, and Burſe, doth like to Merchants yeeld.
Each trades-man in his ſhop, houſe-wiues at home;
" They range too far, that o're the threſhold rome.
Lawyers vpon the bench, Diuines within
Their ſtudies, ſchooles, or pulpits; elſe they ſinne.
Who takes the plow in hand muſt neuer ſlacke,
" Nor looke about, for then he looketh backe.
Who takes the Crowne and Scepter, ſtill muſt think
" When others ſoundly ſleep, he muſt but winke.
Who goes to warre, or counſell muſt aduiſe,
" The ſhame or honor on the Nobleſt lies.
Who guides the Helme muſt ſtill his compas minde,
" And cheere his mates, and ſaile with euery winde.
Who by Mechanicke Arts does hope to thriue,
" Muſt be a Bee, and make his ſhop his Hiue.
Who ſits to iudge, the *Perſon* muſt neglect,
" Not looke aſquint, but to the truth direct.
Who will *Epiſcopize*, muſt watch, faſt, pray,
" And ſee to worke, not ouerſee to play.
They haue a double charge, to rule, and teach,
" Whil'ſt they neglect to preach, neglect they preach
Each muſt his Dioceſſe tend; or if at Court,
What others dare not he muſt ſtill report.
Yet nought but truth, nor all truths but the good:
Pſal. 106. 13. (So *Moſes* in the gap of vengeance ſtood)
What others dare not whiſper he muſt ſing,
And like a golden trumpet rouze the King,
With wiſe alarums from ſecurer ſleepe,
Wherein fraile flattring fleſh doth greatneſſe keepe

For greatneſſe, both in ſtate, wit, ſtrength, and all
That we call great on earth, is apt to fall
With greateſt danger, greateſt violence,
Vnleſſe vpheld by greateſt diligence.
And he is only worthy to be great,
Who with a vertuous freedom holds the ſeat
Of *Moſes*, and inclines to neither hand,
But both vpright only for truth doth ſtand.
Such tend their flocks; whil'ſt they attend the Court,
Their paſtime 'tis to moderate each ſport.
They ſeaſon all raw humors. Seldome glance
On honours or on pleaſures, but by chance;
And then to recreate their ſpirits they do it,
Taking a ſnatch, and fall the harder to it.

GRYPS.

GRYPS.

DEDICATED

To the Courtly and ac-

compliſht Knight S. *Henry Rich*, and his moſt equall Lady.

ALL Men ſeeke greatnes: goodneſſe is the way.
Hee's oft leſſe King that rules, then doth obay.
Adde to Gods worke your owne, his image then
Shall be repayr'de, for that's the crowne of Men.

Grypi animal pennatum & quadrupes. Hæ belluæ dicuntur eſſe in Scythia, & cum Arimaſpis qui vnicum habent oculum, auri cauſſa quod cuſtodiunt, aſſiduè bellum gerere. *Plin. lib. 10.*

THe Griffon (well allied, and great in power)
Made challenge to be generall Emperour
Of beaſts, and birds; whoſe title to decide,
A generall Councell was proclaimed wide
Through all the world, and euery bird and beaſt
Together met, the greateſt, and the leaſt.
Mongſt theſe ſome crawling ſerpents, ſome with feet,
And ſome with wings did at this Councell meet,
And claim'd the place of beaſts, and did alledge
Full many ancient lawes of priuiledge

Fo

For their high honour; but the chiefe was this;
They prou'd themselues beasts, out of *Genesis*.
But when that Law was read, and it was found,
Their treason brought a curse vpon the ground;
That euer since their poyson did annoy
Both birds and beasts, and oft did both destroy;
Cloking their fraud, guilding their villanie
With ancient-vniuersall-vnity;
Betraying truth with darke ambiguous lies,
And cosening man of blessed *Paradise*:
Adulterating, purging of the sence
Of holy Writ, vnder a good pretence:
They had by generall voice, strict banishment
From comming nere this Court of Parliament.
And now the rest proceed; but by the way
Arose another cause of some delay,
Comming to choose a Speaker, bolde *Jack-daw*
Would interpose his skill, and vouch a Law,
(The law of Parasites) that each one might
Speake what him list, gainst reason or gainst right.
And that no Speaker needed, ought to be,
Where such a mixture was; for if quoth he,
We choose a bird, the beasts will all dissent;
If they a beast, we shall be discontent.
This speech, though true in part, did all offend,
Because they saw his busie tongue did bend
To crosse all businesse, and his wit deuise
To change the firmest knots to nullities.
So they agreed together in this sort,
To cut his nimble tongue a little short,
For sawcie tatling, where he should not teach,
And being silent where he ought to preach.

Gen. 3. 1. Serpens enim erat astutus, astutior quauis bestia agri.

Good matter may be propounded with an ill minde.

But

But he auoides his sentence with a quirke,
Pleading of old he longed to the Kirke,
Though seldom he came there; and each one tooke
Him for no Clarke, vntill he claim'd his booke
Then they perceiu'd his skill; and soone discerned
How he to flatter and backbite was learned;
Could mount a steeples top, and with the winde
Turne like a weather-cocke his ready minde,
Seruing the time. Therefore they onward passe
To choose a Speaker; some would haue the Asse,
Because he could diminish nought nor adde,
But truth deliuer, were it good or bad:
Yet most mislik'd that choice, and those pronounce
The Parrot fit, and some the nimble Ounce;
Some the sweet Nightingale, and some the Dog,
And some the Fox, the Baboone, some the Hog;
Some Robin red-brest, or the speckled Thrush,
Some Chantecleere, and some the Woodcock flush.
Some chose the Ape, and some mislike his voice,
So sundry factions rise from this hard choice.
At last the Elephant persuades with all,
To take an equall course, and Man to call
As Speaker, Iudge, and Vmpeir in this thing,
Being by nature the worlds generall King.
And he most fit t'appoint and to depute
His owne Emperiall bird-beast substitute.
To this they all consent, and to this end
In humble wise to Man this Message send,
That he their Patron, Gouernour and Lord,
Would daigne this mighty difference to accord
With reason and authority. His consent
Is soone obtain'd: now gins the Parliament.

In which the *Griffon* thus begins his plea.

Grand Emperour, of Ayre, Earth, and Sea;
I challenge by prerogatiue, and birth,
To be your Vicar generall on the Earth,
O're birds and beasts: The beasts I ought command,
Becauſe vpon foure feet like them I ſtand.
The birds I ought to rule, cauſe I can flie
With theſe my wings like them, and ſoare as hie.
I doe ſurpaſſe the beaſts, in hauing wings,
The birds in legs, in taile, and other things:
My force doth match the Lyons, and my heart
The Eagle, or excels them in each part.
Your doome I therefore claime, that I may be
Plac'd equall to my worth in ſoueraightie:
And next your ſelfe the Emperour be of Earth,
According to the priuiledge of my birth.
Then ſpake the Elephant, and ſaid, that he
Ought ouer beaſts the only Lord to be.
His ſtrength was great, and more then others farre,
His honours more purchaſde in manly warre:
His learning more, the letters vnderſtanding,
And aptly doing all, wiſe Man commanding.
Gainſt him vp roſe the *Syre* of *Bankes* his horſe,
And challeng'd him to try, wit, worth, and force.
This grew to heate, but then the mighty Rucke
Soone par. s the fray, each did from other plucke;
Deſires ſhe might be heard, her challenge was
To rule all birds, ſince ſhe all birds did paſſ.
The Wren ſtraight hopt about, and ſaid, his name
Did ſhew from what a royall ſtocke he came.
And euery bird and beaſt, the great and ſmall,
Had his ambitious ayme to gouerne all.

Gryps quadrupes. Gryps inter volitalia recitatur. *Dust. 14.*

Elephas eſt animal quod magnitudine inter omnia animalia quadrupedia excellit: Intellectu & memoria multum vigens. *Plin. Solin.*

Regulus, or Regaliolus.

Which hauing made, in ſilence all ſate downe
Being ouer-aw'd with mans Emperiall frowne.
Each feared, each hoped, vntill at length the Man
Roſe vp, and to determine thus began,
I was your Maſter made, you made for me,
And whatſoeuer in the Globe there be
Hid or reuealed, t'is mine. And I alone
Sole Emperour am, vnder that onely *One*.
Nor doubt you this; the queſtion now in hand
Is for the vnder-king-ſhip of my land;
For t'is not fit that I ſhould troubled be
With euery toy, when ſubiects diſagree:
But that my Preſident ſhould ſtill be nigh,
Your doubts and iarres t'appeaſe and rectifie.
It only reſts to ſhew what parts are fit
For gouernment. That's courage, ſtrength and wit,
Mercy and iuſtice, and the guard to thoſe,
Awe to command, dexteritie to diſpoſe.
If any part of theſe be ſeparate,
The rule is moſt imperfect, and the State
Falls to contempt; the lawes are trodden downe,
The Scepter broken, and deſpiſ'd the Crowne.
This ſhewes how many here haue vainly ſought
For one good part, the wreath that many ought.
That nor the Ruck, the Elephant nor Horſe,
Are fit to gouerne for their matchles force;
Nor for their wit alone; for then the oxe
Might make his claime too, and the ſubtle foxe:
Much leſſe the ſilly Wren for honord houſe,
Nor the catt-fearing, Elephant-frighting Mouſe.
For theſe would breed contempt, and Athens Owle
Might challenge ſo night-rule of euery Fowle.

Nor

Nor it is meet this Griffon ſhould obtaine
What by pretence of right he ſeeks to gaine.
Becauſe his title halts on either ſide,
Except in halues, himſelfe he will deuide.
He is no beaſt: his talents, wings, and head
Conclude againſt his challenge in my ſtead.
Nor yet a bird: his body, legs, and tayle
With euidence his garments do quaile.
But if where proofe lyes hid, we may proceed
By probabilities; from ſpurious ſeed
He tooke his being, and would neither loue,
Being like to neither, but a Tyrant proue.
And where he boaſts his wondrous ſtrength and hart,
It's falſe he doth pretend, becauſe that part
Which ſhewes him Lyon-like in ſhape, hide, haire,
Doth of the kingly-Lyon ſtand in feare.
And that birds part which he from th'Eagle tooke,
On the sky-towring Eagle dares not looke.
The Lyon therefore I ordaine and make
The Kings of beaſts; his awfull voice ſhall ſhake
The proudeſt ſpirit. And the Eagle ſhall
Be King of Birds, and ouer-looke them all.
This ſentence paſt, the Parlament aroſe,
And with theſe rules of truth the Seſsions cloſe.

Gryphus, Capite & alis Aquilæ ſimilis, reliquo corpore ſimilis Leoni. Iſid. l. 12.

Aquila maſ.

Epimythium.

Who ſeeks two ſwords to ſway, hath right to none;
Who ſeeks two offices, is not fit for one:
Who ſeeks two callings, takes too much in hand:
Who hath two faiths, doth true to neither ſtand.
One ſword, one office, calling, and one faith,
Is fit for one Man; ſo this ſtorie ſaith.

Vnumopus optimè fit ab vno. Ariſt. l. 2. Politic.

Who seekes two swords to sway, hath right to none.

The *Pope* challengeth not only *Peters* keyes and *Pauls* sword, but hath found two swords in *Peters* hand, with which he (like an other *Alexander*) cuts asunder the knots hee cannot vndoe. The band of marriage betwixt man and woman: The band of loyall obedience betwixt subiects and Soueraignes; The band of conscience betwixt God and man; hee cuts asunder by dispensing with marriages, allegance, and othes, &c. By his behauiour therefore in these things, it may bee iudged whether hee be fit to haue many swords that cannot vse one well. Edged tooles are not to bee put into the hands of drunkards: Hee is scarce sober that makes all other drunke with the cup of his abhominations.

Who seekes two offices, is not fit for one.

To the late Queene of famous memorie, a *Courtier* who had great place about her Maiestie, made suite for an office belonging to the Law. Shee told him he was vnfit for the place. He confest as much, but promised to finde out a sufficient Deputy. Do (saith she) and then I may bestow it vpon one of my Ladies, for they by deputation may execute the office of Chancellor, chiefe Iustice, and others, as well as you. This answered him, and I would it could answer all others: that fit men might be placed in euery office, and none how great soeuer suffered to keep two. They should take

take offices for the Common-wealths benefit; but they take them like Farmes for to inrich themselues. This discourageth all professions, both in the Church and Common-wealth: one place is fit for one man,

Who seekes two Callings, takes too much in hand.

The Church hath some of these, who are better Phisitions, Lawyers, Marchants, or Handicrafts-men, then Diuines. The Common-wealth hath many of these, some who receiue tythes, buy and sell Church-liuings, retaine Deanryes, and Prebendaries, and are well seene in all occupations, but in that which they were bound to professe. To be a Marchant, a Maulster, a Brewer, a Grasier, a Sheepe-master, a Farmemonger, an Vsurer, a Deuill and all, is ordinarie in euery Country, and he is thought no good husband that is not all or the most of these.

Who hath two faiths, doth true to neither stand.

One miraculous example in these our dayes, hath demonstrated this beyond deniall, which but lately though wee knew yet wee durst not vtter for feare of censure. With what Tyrannie doth vice guard it selfe from knowledge? How rankly doth that Fame stinke now, against which but lately we durst not stop our noses. This is a maxime grounded from this example. No honor, preferment, or respect can assure our faith, if the band of faith, religion, be not intire with vs.

4. SPHINX, HYENA.

Dedicated

To the wiſe and valiant Souldier,

Sr IOHN POOLY Knight, and
to his good LADY.

YOu loued my Brother, he is gone, I ſtay,
T'acknowledge firſt a debt, and then to pay.
Loue lookes vpon the will, which eaſily can
Proue ther's no bankrupt but the thankleſſe Man.

Hyena crudelis eſt beſtia ſimilis lupo &c. Circuit domos per noctem & humanâ proue poteſt fingit vocem Iſid. Alicuiuſque nomen adducit quem euocatũ foras laceret. Iſid.

HYæna was a ſubtle beaſt and bloudy;
To ruine man was his whole trade and ſtudy.
He ſcorn'd the ſheep, the ſhepheard was his prey,
His nightly plots, got what he miſt by day.
The ſhepheards of *Arcadia*, beguil'd
By his fain'd voice, were murther'd oft and ſpoil'd.
For in the night he wont like ſome good frend,
To call them out, and then apeeces rend.
One onely wiſer ſhepheard thought it beſt
Hire *Sphinx* to watch his houſe whil'ſt he did reſt:

Whoſe

Whoſe ſubtiltie foreſaw, and ſtill preuented,
What elſe his Maſter had too late repented.
For when the falſe *Hyena* went about
Calling for helpe, to traine the Shepheard out,
Faining diſtreſſe as if he robbed were,
Or miſt his way (a weary traueller ;)
Sphinx ſoone perceiu'd his counterfeit complayning,
And laught out-right to heare his crafty fayning ;
But would not let the credulous ſhepheard goe,
(Whoſe tender heart pittied his mortall foe)
Till day appear'd, and that the Sunne ſhone bright.
Together with the *Sphinx* full many a night,
An Indian *Aſſe* and *Muſk-cat*, ſafely ſlept,
Whil'ſt *Sphinx* the ſhepheards houſe & houſhold kept,
Nor did they alwaies ſleep but often heard
What at the firſt to thinke vpon they fear'd ;
But cuſtome at the length bereft all awe,
And they fear'd, when they nothing ſaw,
So enuie wrought, and Ignorance, and Pride,
That they the wiſer *Sphinx* dare now deride.
And mou'd the Shepheard, to preuent the charge
Of keeping more, to let the *Sphinx* at large,
Perſwading there was no ſuch cauſe of dread,
But they might well ſupply the *Sphinx* his ſtead :
Who fain'd thoſe feates, and did imagine treaſon,
To win th'opinion of much wit and reaſon.
The Shepheard fondly credits this ; and ſtraight
Lets looſe the *Sphinx*, and theſe in order waite.
The *Indian Aſſe* he truſted being plaine,
Suppoſing he would neither lye, nor faine.
And the *Muſk-cat*, was pleaſant to the ſmell,
And very watchfull ; needs muſt theſe do well.

The night is come, the Shepheard ſoundly ſleeps
As he had wont, no skar his conſcience keeps.
Theſe two ſtand Sentinel, and now ere long,
Comes the *Hyena*, and with ſmoothing tongue
Saith; Is your Maſter waking, gentle ſwaines?
If not, arere him, tell him all the Plaines
Are vp in armes againſt our common foe,
The falſe *Hyena* that beguil'd vs ſo.
He cannot ſcape their hands, for they haue found
The Caue he keeps in, cloſely vnder ground.
Bid him awake and riſe and come away,
For all the Shepheards for his comming ſtay.
This tale beleeu'd, the *Aſſe* and *Muſk-cat* hye,
To make their Maſter to make haſte to dye.
He riſeth raſhly, opes the dore, goes out,
And is deuour'd ere he can looke about.
Nor can the watch-men ſcape, but both are ſlaine:
Though one be ſweet, the other true and plaine.

Epimythium.

" Not ſimple truth alone can make vs fit,
" To beare great place in State without great wit.
" For when the Serpent comes to circumuent vs,
" We muſt be Serpents too, or els repent vs.

HIPPOPOTAMVS.

Dedicated

To the magnificent KNIGHT Sr HVGH SMITH, and his worthy LADY.

YOur Auon's quiet, no ſuch Monſters feede
'Bout ſandy Seuerne, as in Nilus *breede:*
Yet Nilus-*like your bountie ouerflowes,*
Whence good report, and fame, and honor growes.

THe *Sea-horſe*, and the famous *Crocodile*,
Both challeng'd to be Kings of fruitfull *Nile*.
And ſundry fields they fought, where many died
Of either faction, ſtill the cauſe vntried.
Yet often had they ſingle, hand to hand,
Encountred in the flood, and on the land:
And parted ſtill with equall harme away,
For both the blowes bore thence, but not the day;

Hippopotamus in Nilo editur, Crocodilo inimicus Plin. lib. 8. cap. 25. Crocodilus animal quadrupes in terra & in aquis valens.

Yet

Yet each inuincible himſelfe did call,
And ſo they were, but to themſelues, to all.
But when they cop'd, ſucceſſe did thus conclude;
Courage remayn'd, ſtrength only was ſubdu'de.
And ſo for want of ſtrength they often ſundred,
Thogh at their wondrous ſtrength all other wondred.
Thus oft they met, and oft aſſayed in vaine,
Who ſhould th'Emperiall crowne of *Nilus* gaine:
Till both grew weary of theſe warres at length,
And gan lay by the vſe of armes and ſtrength.
And truce proclaim'd a while on either part,
A fained truce, no friendſhip from the heart.
For vnder-hand by ſtratagems, and friends,
And ſecret plots, each ſought their ſeuerall ends.
But much more noble was the *Crocodile*,
And wiſer much, though not ſo full of guile
As *Hippopotamus*, ſo th'other hight,
Who car'd not what he did, or wrong or right,
By falſhood, bribes, or treaſon; ſo he could,
The fouleſt fact, to his aduantage mould,
And thus he call'd *Chameleon* on a day,
With *Polypus*, and vnto them gan ſay:
You two my boſome-friends, my Minions are,
My priuie Counſellers in peace and warre.
And I haue found you plyant to my will,
Faithfull to me, but falſe to others ſtill.
And now I craue, your vtmoſt Art and reaſon;
In conquering of the *Crocodile* by treaſon;
Which thus I purpoſe: Both of you are made,
By nature apt to colour and to ſhade,
With fit reſemblance all the obiects nye,
On which you ſhall reflect a ſteady eye,

Seruo enim non faseſt verum dicere, quod Hero fuerit incommodum Enti. Chameleon mutat ſuum colorem inflatus. Ariſt. Hiſt. Animal. lib. 11. cap. 11.

You

You can ſeeme otherwiſe, then what you be,
And couer hate with cloſe hypocriſie.
You can take any ſhape, any diſguiſe,
And ſoone beguile the moſt inquiſitiue eyes;
Weare any Liuery, all companies fit,
And to each humour change your ready wit.
This you haue done before, and oft made plaine
Weightie intelligence, and can ſo againe.
But each his proper element retayning,
Chameleon in the ayre, and earth remayning,
You *Polypus* at ſea. To ſea then hye,
And with rich promiſes *Torpedo* buy
To our cloſe ſeruice: he in Counſell is
To our great foe, a greater friend of his.
" But wealth is our beſt friend, and that corrupts
" The pureſt minde, and friendſhip interrupts.
With gifts and promiſes peruert him ſo,
That he may call vs friend, count him a foe:
Will him he would, when fitting time doth come,
With his ſlowe touch ſecure, bewitch, benumme,
Our aduerſary, and his ſenſe aſtoniſh,
That it may ſeeme a crime him to admoniſh
Of our apparent practiſes preparing,
Whilſt he attends his ſports, no danger fearing.
Then to the Water-rat *ſchneumon* goe,
And you to *Cuſchillus* and will them twoo,
When next they picke his teeth, and ſcratch his head,
(For they are neere him ſtill at euery ſtead,
And highly fauor'd, (chiefly *Cuſchillus*,)
Though both in fee and penſion be with vs,)
That they would ioyne their wits and force together
To murther him; and for reward come hither.

Plin. lib. 8. cap. 26.

So

So when your plots be closely thus conuey'd.
And all your traines and tew in order laid,
Then mixe your selues in either element
With the profuse, the needy, discontent,
The desperate, the bloody, and the bold,
Whom nought but feare do from rebellion hold;
Of such you shall finde many in this State,
For hee's remisse, and doth all businesse hate,
Whereby he gets contempt; and opens wide
A ready way of entrance vnespide
To our high aimes. Full many you shall finde
Of our close faction, fitting to our minde.
Those that are such encourage, others frame,
And what you will speake largely in our name;
Promise, and sweare, and lye, to make things fit,
That our designes may prosper by your wit.
Away, and for the rest leaue that to me.
The spies instructed thus fit agents be,
And post with speede, and with a speed too good
Dispatch all Scænes fit for the Act of blood.
And now the wise, learn'd, valiant *Crocodile*,
A hunting hies vnto the bankes of *Nile*,
Where hauing sported long, and fully fed,
The slowe *Torpedo* strokes him on the head,
Whispers within his eare, and charmes him so
That in the Sun-shine he to rest must go.
But as he goes drowsie and reeling thus,
Meets him the *Indian Rat*, and *Cuschillus*,
And lowting low with musicke him presents,
And antique shewes, and masking meriments;
Striuing to hide their treason with such Art,
That their true care almost betraid their heart.

This

This wiſe *Alcedo* (one that many a diſh
Had for his King prepar'd, of dantieſt fiſh,)
Did ſoone ſuſpect, and with ſhrill voice gan crie,
Sir King beware, for enemies are nie;
Beware of him that's buſie with your eare,
And tells you lies, that truths you may not heare:
Beware of him that's ſcratching of your head,
Beware of him that's making of your bed.
Beware of him that doth extoll ye ſo,
And like a God adores ye as ye go:
Beware of him that doth ſo humbly fall
On his falſe knee; good King beware of all.
With that the *Crocodile* gan looke about,
Being halfe aſleep, from a ſweet dreame wak'd out,
And would haue heard more, but the charmers kept
The bird away by force; and ſo he ſlept.
He ſlept, and *Cuſchillus* did ſing the while.
And pickt his teeth, and vſed many a wile
To ope his ouer-chap (for only he
Doth moue his ouer-chap, the nether we:)
At laſt he tickled him, and forc't him ſo
To yawne and gape: then *Cuſchillus* doth go
Into his belly, and the *Indian Rat*
Leapes quickly after; where they firſt ſearch what
Cloſe counſels, ſecret purpoſes, did fill
His darker boſome, were they good or ill.
But were they good or ill, it matters not,
For they purſue and proſecute their plot:
They gin to gnaw his bowels, and to rake
His entrailes with their nailes; which paine doth wake
Him from his lateſt ſleepe, and makes him crie
Aloud this counſell: Princes ſee ye trie

Regnum potius ab aſſentatoribus quam ab hoſtibus euertitur. F. Patr. Sen. Comm. De Inſt. Princ. lib. 5.

Solus inter animalia ſuperiorem mandibulâ mouet Crocodilus. Iſid.

Before

Before ye truſt, Thoſe ſeruants that be ill
" At your commaund, for others money will
" Betray you too: he eaſly will diſpence
" With greateſt ſinnes, who hath of ſmall no ſence.
" Beware of ſuch as flatter by traduction,
" Theile firſt be others, then be your deſtruction.
" Beware of priuie whiſperers and ſpies,
" The truth they tell is but a ſauce for lies.
Beware of Ledgers, for legerdemaine
With others beſide Iuglers doth remaine:
" And cheating and croſſe-biting great ones may
" In great things vſe, as Little ones at play.
Beware of Clergie men their colour changing,
And in each place with lawleſſe freedome ranging.
Take heede of Penſions, they haue often ſlept.
In priuy Chambers, and at Counſell kept.
And if it be a truth which ſome haue told,
Good men haue had large ſleeues to put vp gold.
With that he dies, and thoſe that were within,
Striuing who firſt ſhould greateſt credit win,
By carrying newes of this accurſed deede,
Hinder each other in their haſty ſpeede:
And iſſuing out iuſt as his chaps did cloſe,
Did their reward, life, fame, together loſe.
" Yet euill report findes wings in euery place;
And this vnto the Sea-horſe flies apace;
Who (making too much haſt) in top of pride,
Nothing before, behinde, nor bout him ſpide,
And ſo, for lacke of care, himſelfe betraide
Into a pit-fall which th'Egyptians laid.
There he doth pine to death, and dying cries,
" Who liues by treaſon, thus by treaſon dies,

Philip Commineus. lib. 6. cap. 2.

Epimythium

Epimythium.

THe *Crocodile* is a Hieroglyphicke of Honour or Nobility.

The *Hippopotame*, of Impiety, Ingratitude, and Baſeneſſe.

1. Theſe two haue continuall warre: and in that *Chameleon* and *Polypus* (the types of ſubtile diſſimulation, and craftie hypocriſie,) ioyne with *Hippopotame* againſt the *Crocodile*; it giues honour warning to beware of ſuch who adapt themſelues to pleaſe humors, to ſooth groſſe follies: for theſe though perhaps they ſeeme of their colour, weare their liueries, follow their religion whom they depend vpon, will notwithſtanding for gaine, *Iudas*-like, kiſſe and betray them.

2. In that the time when this was done, is ſaid to be in peace after ſport: it ſhewes that Honor which ſprings from action, decaies with affectation of peace, and ſleepes to death with immoderate pleaſure in the armes or bed of ſecuritie.

3. The touch of *Torpedo* warnes Greatneſſe from ſloth, and to beware of ſuch charming Counſellours as hide the truth of dangers from the eyes of States.

4. *Alcedos* warning the *Crocodile*, tells vs no danger comes without admonition: Wiſedomes cries out in the ſtreetes, it is our owne fault if ſtopping our eares we periſh wilfully.

5. In that *Chuſchillus* ſings the *Crocodile* aſleepe, it tels vs, flatterie is the ruine of Honour; yet the flatterers note it ſweeter, and welcommer to the eare, then

then the admonition of friendſhip and true loue.

6. In that *Ichneumon* and *Cuſchillus* leape into his belly, it ſhewes Treaſon will purſue the blackeſt project with moſt bloody and bold violence; and will ſtriue to double that ſinne with ſlander and miſreport, which once they contriued, applauded, and perhaps perſwaded Greatneſſe to commit.

7. In that *Hippopotame* falls into the *Egyptians* trap, it ſhewes what the Pſalmiſt ſayth, Who digs a pit for another, falls therein himſelfe. Treaſon euer betrayes the Traytor, elſe it were not right treaſon.

If any man enquire farther after this tale, let him call to minde the late death of that renowned King of *France*, whoſe life was terrible to *Rome* and her adherents.

He had many admonitions to beware of Ieſuiticall practiſes, but would not take heede, his confidence might rather be tearmed preſumption then courage.

I haue heard a ſtory of him which may be as true as its ſtrange: the probabilitie is great.

Monſieur D. Pleſſis (that glorious ſtarre of our age) being euer bold with the King, becauſe the king knew him honeſt, and durſt truſt him farther then a *Proteſtant Prince* may truſt a *Romiſh Catholike* with ſafety, told his Maſter that all the world did wonder at the ſodaine repeale of that edict of baniſhment ſo ſolemnly made by the *Parliament* againſt all *Ieſuites*, vpon ſo iuſt an occaſion as the wounding of his ſacred perſon by one of their diſciples. He humbly beſought him to giue him licenſe to put him in minde how once profeſsing the reformed religion, euen in armes, he had been defended from the trecheries of his ene-

mies

mies by that God whose cause hee fought for. But now in the armes of peace, hee was endangered by them who pretend his protection, for that they thought that howsoeuer for some respects hee carried himselfe, he could not be in loue with their darkenesse who had beene acquainted with the true light: And the Protestants thought so likewise, the rather induced hereunto by Gods miraculous deliuerance of him from the horror of that bloudy attempt, not suffering any part to be punished but his mouth with which he had offended. But hee besought him to remember that the hearts of Kings are in the hands of God aswell as their heads: and if they forsake or forget him and what he hath done for them, he in Iustice often giues them ouer into the hands of their enemies.

I enforce no man to beleeue this Narration; the probability, with the credit of the Relator, and the successe, haue preuailed with me to accept and report it. As his death was the damnable act of a Iesuiticall Assasinat of the Romish religion, so this admonition beares the shape of a true *Isralite* and one of the house of peace.

PHÆNIX.

DEDICATED

To the honorable KNIGHT Sr ROBERT RICHE, and his noble LADY.

THere's but one Phœnix, *if there had been more,*
Your names had ſtood within, but now before.

Phœnix vnica dicitur eſſe auis, & in toto orbe terrarum ſingularis. Iſid.

TH'Arabian *Phœnix*, being noble, young,
And newly from his fathers aſhes ſprung,
Seeing how other birds did louers take
Of their owne kind, would needs like triall make,
And thought by what good courſe he might preuent
His doubted ruine, and ſeeme prouident,
Where nature (as he iudg'd) defectiue ſtood,
In leauing ſingle, ſuch an abſolute good.
His meanes was marriage, married he would be,
But where to chooſe a Mate he could not ſee:

Fo

For chooſe he might and pleaſe his curious eyne,
Each bird made ſuite to be his Valantine.
The *Pehen* dreſt her ſelfe and ſpred her taile,
The *Turkey-hen* aduanc'd her ſpotted ſaile.
The *Turtle* left her mate to ioyne with him,
The *Siluer-Swanne*, in ruffled pride did Swimme,
The *Parakite*, and *Goldfinch*, Citie heires,
Offer'd him loue, and what beſides was theirs:
The courtly *Pheaſant*, gaudy *Popiniay*,
In varied coloures dreſt themſelues that day:
The ſweet *Canary* ſinger ſtroue t'excell
The merry-making mournefull *Philomell*;
Who left deploring, and did mirth preferre:
Wiſhing the *Phœnix* would haue rauiſh't her.
All theſe, with all beſides the reſt excelling,
Did woo him, proffer loue, their paſsions telling.
But all in vaine; the bird of *Paradiſe*,
Had with her pleaſing forme bewitcht his eyes.
He wooes, and winnes her too, with ſmall adoe,
"Where both deſire, both parties ſeeme to wooe.
And who would not deſire ſo rare a one,
Whom all deſire, him to enioy alone?
They married are. Opinions equall voice,
Say both are happy in each others choice.
For ſhe was faire, and rare, and rich, and young,
And wiſe, and noble, and full ſweetly ſung;
In all compleate ſhe was, only did faile,
Hauing too ſmall a body for her taile.
This fault ſhe tooke by kinde, it coſt her nought,
From her birth place the frailtie firſt ſhe brought.
And though by all good meanes ſhe ſtroue to hide
This naturall blemiſh, ſtill it was eſpide.

And ſpied the more, becauſe this corporall ill,
Being ſingle here, did each mans fancy fill.
" That diſproportion doubles in the minde,
" Where we it ſingle in the body finde.
And ſo it fell out here; not long they dwelt
In peace, but loues fire alteration felt,
And gan to ſlake and coole, where it ſhould not,
And where it ſhould be coole, it waxed hot.
Shee now did hate and loath, the ſweet ſhe had,
And linger after ſo nething that was bad.
Her taile was too too large for him to tread,
He too too little her to ouer-ſpread.
To ouer-ſpread her body was not much,
But her inſatiate taile, and minde was ſuch.
So weakeſt ſtomacks ſtrongeſt meates deſire.
So greateſt ſmoke riſeth from ſmalleſt fire.
So ſlender wits great matters vndertake.
So ſwift purſuite, doth ſlow performance make.
So th'appetite, by impotence is moued.
So ſhee (though little) euery great thing loued.
She lou'd all great things, and all rare things ſought,
But what ſhe had that ſhe eſteemed nought.
She had what others long'd for, and enioyde
What all deſir'd: and that enioying cloyde.
And now ſhe ginnes to hate, and wiſh in heart,
A fit occaſion offer'd were to part.
But wanting ſuch, ſhee frames one: doth traduce,
And wound his honour for her owne excuſe.
And ſtill pretending modeſtly a cauſe,
Immodeſtly, ſhe triall claimes by lawes.
Although the *Phœnix* her with teares did woo,
She ſeparation ſought, and gets it too.

The

The ſentence paſt, ſhe *Cynoſure* doth wed,
An vnknowne fowle, by th'ayre begot and bred.
He (following kind) trod oft, and quencht her heate,
And ſhe laid oft, fild many a neaſt and ſeate
With addle egges; but neuer bird did ſpring,
Out of thoſe ſhells, nor other liuing thing.
Yet ſome in their opinions counted wiſe,
Say, that ſuch egges do hatch the Cockatrice.
Yet nothing from theſe ſpurious Embrions came
But naked promiſes, and open ſhame.
In memory of whoſe vnhappy wombe,
That brought dead fruit forth, like a liuing tombe,
(Dead fruite, much like faire apples all of ſmoake,
Which grow in *Sodome*, and the eaters choake,)
Each courtly lady now vpon their head,
Do weare a bird of Paradiſe, in ſtead
Of a light feather; which doth warning giue,
How free from lightneſſe, Ladies ought to liue:
How conſtant they ſhould be, how firme in loue;
Not feather-like, apt with each breath to moue,
How well proportion'd, not ſo great below,
But leſſe in ſhew, and more in trueth to know.
To fit the bottome with an equall ſaile,
And not to ouer-top the head with taile.
All this it tells them, and doth ſhew beſide,
"How addle egges ſpring out of luſt, and pride.
"How noble houſes by ignoble deeds,
"Bury themſelues and their owne ruine breeds.
"How beautie and all vertues of the minde,
"Conioynde with wealth, adorne not woman kinde:
"Except with theſe, true chaſtitie be placed,
"And that againe, by modeſty be graced.

And now I will proceede to tell my ſtory,
How ſad the *Phœnix* was in minde, how ſory
To be ſo ſleighted and ſo ill reſpected,
By her for whoſe ſake, he had all neglected.
This wounds his heart, and he reſolues too late,
All ſecond matches for the firſt to hate;
To liue alone, and neuer more to minde
Fond alteration, in the courſe of kinde.
But griefe perplex't him ſo, he fear'd to die,
Ere he were fitted for poſteritie.
And ſo his neaſt vnmade, he quickly might,
Both life, and name, and memory looſe outright.
This to preuent his flight he nimbly takes
O're hilles and dales, o're deſarts, riuers, lakes,
O're kingdomes, countries, bounding Eaſt and Weſt,
And ſpices gathers vp to build his neaſt.
Which made, and finding ſtill his former griefe,
Not cur'd but growing deſperate of reliefe,
Him better ſeemed by priuiledge of kinde,
To kill his body, and renue his minde:
To leaue griefe where it breeds with earth on earth,
And recreate his ſpirit with ſpritly birth,
(Like fire, which touching powder ſtraight reſolues
The groſſer parts; and each it ſelfe inuolues
In its owne element) then ſo t'outweare
And tyre away with griefe ſixe hundred yeare,
(For ſo long liues the *Phœnix*) but though he,
"So long he dies that liues in miſerie.
And therefore ſoone betakes him to his neaſt,
Where fore-prepar'd he findes his funerall dreſt.
The Sun ſhines bright and hot, he with his wings
Makes more the heate: & ſparkling diamond brings

Whoſe

Whoſe ſtrong reflection, or retention rather
Either beates backe the heate, or heate doth gather.
Which kindled (like dri'd leaues with burning glaſſes)
Conſumes the neaſt, the bird, and all to aſhes.
Vpon theſe aſhes fruitfull dewes deſcend,
And the hot Sun his actiue beames do bend.
So heate and moiſture twixt them procreate,
A ſilly worme vnlike the bird in ſtate.
But time doth giue it growth, and ſhape, and feathers,
And ſtill perfection from each houre it gathers.
Till to the former equall it appeares,
Or rather all one bird, except in yeares.
The rauenous *Vulture* wondring long had ſtood
To marke all this, within a neighbour wood.
Which hauing ſeene, ambition pricks her ſo,
That ſhe reſolues whatſ'euer power ſaith no,
Example and direction hence to take,
Herſelfe and hers all *Phœnixes* to make.
So calls ſhe firſt the Hee, and then the young:
And thus gan ſpeake to them with rauiſht tounge
How much my power hath done, how much my wit,
You know, yet know ſome repetition fit.
I do the *Eagle* rule, (the birds braue King)
And worke him to my minde in euery thing.
He preyes on whom I liſt; ſtill on the beſt;
Eates what I ſtint him, and leaues you the reſt.
I gouerne euery *Hauke*, or bird of pray;
Such as confront the *Eagle*, me obay;
And make me ſharer in their richeſt prize,
And how to pleaſe me beſt, beſt meanes deuiſe.
I that deſpiſe Religion, ſcorne all law,
Do binde all other birds to both by awe:

To both for my aduantage, elſe you know
I can prophane the Temple well enough;
Polute the Altar; ſearch the graue, each tombe,
And dig out of the priuiledged wombe
Of hallow'd earth, dainties for you to lurch,
Mans fleſh, enſhrined in the ſacred Church.
You know I foſter Souldiers not for loue,
But to breed warres; the ſlaine my prey ſtill proue.
All ſorts, profeſsions, kindes, I prey vpon,
When their ſweete fleſh is turn'd to carrion.
For carrion is my food, let others kill
And hazzard life for life, we ſafely will
Eate the vnfortunate, the weake, diſtreſſed,
Whom want enfeebled, mighty power oppreſſed.
This is our practiſe. But I cald ye now
For higher aimes: to giue you notice how
We may aſpire in royaltie and pride
Aboue the *Eagle*, and all birds beſide.
Much time, much ſtudy, with full large expence,
Haue I beſtowed, to gaine intelligence
Of a rare ſecret, which exceedeth farre
Th' *Alchimiſters* Idol, call'd th'Elixar.
This is, to vnderſtand and know aright,
What courſe to take, and how we compaſſe might
The glorious eminence, the ſingular grace,
The famous *Phœnix* hath in euery place:
How to attaine her nature, beauty, ſtate;
And without copulation procreate.
At length my wit, my induſtry, and chance
Concurring, did this happineſſe aduance:
For watching lately, as I often did,
In deſart vaſt, among thicke buſhes hid,

I ſaw

I ſaw (vnſeene) the myſterie throughout,
And can reſolue each rite, each ſcrupulous doubt.
The circumſtance were needleſſe, whil'ſt the fact
Shall manifeſt each ſeuerall Scene, and act,
With happy iſſue; and accompliſh ſo
Our wiſhes, that we ſhall amazed goe;
Amazed goe, to ſee our ſelues ſo low,
So ſoone to ſuch a pitch of glory grow:
So ſoone tranſlated, metamorphoſed,
And new created from the foot to head:
Beyond our hopes, report, the preſent ſtation
Of other birds, almoſt to adoration.
Enquire not how, but each prepare t'obay.
What I command; performance leads the way.
Hie on, hie all, to ſeuerall quarters flie,
And through the whole world make a ſcrutinie
For aromaticke drugges, perfuming ſpices,
Rare pretious ſtones, rich iewels, ſtrange deuices.
Bring them together, lay them on this hill,
And the ſucceſſe refer to my deep skill.
The young ones all obayde, but then the Male
Staid long t'enquire the reaſon of this tale.
Yet long he durſt not ſtay, leſt ſhee from thence
Should beate him for his arrogant offence:
For females of all rauening fowles beare ſway,
And the blacke *Vulture* is a bird of pray.
The male nere meddles with young, meat, or neſt:
But ſhee commands, and he ſits like a gueſt.
He ſeeing her incenſt, away doth poſt
Ore many Seas, and many an vnknowne Coaſt,
And all the world ſurueyes from Eaſt to Weſt,
From North to South, and gathers what is beſt;

Sweet

Sweet odoriferous ſpices, amber-greece,
The *Caſtors* ſtones, the *Ermins* ſpotted fleece,
Rich Luzerns, Sables, Martins, and the horne
Of the moſt precious-ſeld-ſeen *Vnicorne*.
The *Muſk-cats* cod, with Rubies bluſhing red,
Quick-ſparkling Diamonds cutting glaſſe like lead;
Bright ſhining Carbuncles, and Saphires blew,
With Iaſper, Iacynth; Emeralds greene in view;
Perſpicuous Chriſtall, orient Pearles large, round,
And Gold, for which man doth the Center ſound;
Blacke, white, greene, marble; in-laid Porphyrie,
With Alablaſters for Imagerie;
Truth-trying Touch-ſtones, making things diſtinct,
And what rariety elſe within precinct
Of ample Nature dwells, they hither brought;
With which a curious neaſt ſhee neatly wrought,
To match whoſe wealth remayning earth was base.
Her ſelfe, Mate, yong, each by themſelues had place
In this moſt royall building. Then in ſtate
Her ſelfe ſate downe, and next her muſing Mate.
Her yong ones, then in order, One by One,
And now the Sunne ſhin'd hot on euery ſtone
The ſpice gan kindle, Now quoth ſhee I finde
My ſelfe halfe made immortall changing kinde.
The fire flam'd fiercer then, and ſing'd their wings:
Be conſtant Sirs quoth ſhee, you ſhall be Kings.
"Gold crownes are heauy, toyle is hard but gainfull;
"There is no excellent ſweet but firſt is painfull.
They would haue flowne away, but 'twas too late.
Quoth ſhee the *Phœnix* dies to liue in ſtate.
With that ſhe ſinkes, her neaſt and all combuſt
Her glorious hopes, and proiects turn'd to duſt.

Which

Which tells this: Pride ſtill doth ouer-build.
" Folly is not in architecture skill'd.
" Wit frames his Plot according to his ſtate,
" And to a ſmall houſe makes no lofty gate.
" But ouer-bold Ambition fires her neaſt,
" And prooues her houſes ſhame, her houſe a ieaſt.

Epimythium.

The *Phœnix* betokens vnitie in Religion. This was proper to the Iewes, but they forſooke it, as the bird of Paradice did the *Phœnix*. Then it came to the Gentiles and ſeemed to returne to its owne nature to be vniuerſall, not tyed to place, or Nation, or perſon. The *Phœnix* dyed, and out of the aſhes aroſe a new *Phœnix*. Chriſt came not to deſtroy but fulfill the Law. The old faith remaines which was firſt preached in Paradice, the ceremonies only are aboliſhed by the preſence of the thing ſignified. That ſeemes an other, which is the ſame truth. Wee Chriſtians poſſeſſe what the Iewes expected. They are diuorced (with the bird of Paradice) for their vnfaithfullneſſe and vnbeleefe; now they are wedded to the *Cynoſure* their owne wills and ſtiffe-necked opinions and traditions. They tread and cackle, and lay egges; addle egges or rather adders egges, egges of winde without fruit, which neuer prooue birds. They expect in vaine an other Meſsias to ſaue them, till the true Meſsias is ready to come to iudge them. They are a ſcattred people, hatefull to all where they inhabite.

The

The *Vulture* and her brood is the C[illegible]e of Rome, where the ſhee or female preuailes. Shee will be called the Mother Church, which is truly the whore of Babylon, the malignant Church, the Aduerſarie, the Antichriſt. Shee builds to her owne ruine, her power and policie ſhall ouerthrow it ſelfe. Shee ſhall burne in her owne neſt. Let all ſuch therefore as loue the truth, and would ſaue their ſoules, come out of her.

VNIO.

VNIO.

DEDICATED
TO THE TRVE
Louer of his Country Sr ARTHVR
HEVENINGHAM Knight, and his
truely Religious LADY.

YOu know the moodes of Men, the tempers too
Of Climes, of States, of Elements; Then who
May better read this tale? The minde that's free
Can iudge diseases, and distempers see.

THE *Mole*, *Chameleon*, and the *Salamander*,
As neere the Ocean they togither wander,
Spying at sea the *Lamprey*, haild him thus:
Good day my friend to you and eke to vs.
We three are met to argue and debate
Which of vs liueth in the happiest state;
Whether the ayre, the earth, or fire doth giue
To what they breed best sustenance to liue.

And

And we would gladly heare how farre the ſea
May with fire, ayre, and earth compared be.
You happily we met as we would wiſh,
Being a prompt, deep diuing, ſubtle fiſh,
And ableſt to reſolue vs. Come then ſhow
The life you lead, and learne our liues to know.
The *Lamprey* ſoone conſents. And firſt the *Mole*
Doth thus begin. Deare friends I left my hole
To breath the open ayre (whoſe light I hate)
T'acquaint yee with the bleſsings of my ſtate.
And to perſwade ye, if ye loue your reſt
To liue with me in peace, and plenty bleſt.
It fits me firſt to ſpeake, for I had firſt
My being, long before the earth was curſt.
Darkeneſſe was not created; tis as old
As that great workeman which the whole doth mold.
But light was made long after, and doth ſhow,
That ignorance is elder then to know.
The workmans ſelfe in cloudy darknes keeps;
For no eye ſees or when he wakes or ſleeps.
He loues not euery curious foole ſhould ſee
What ioyes, what treaſures, in obliuion bee.
The worthy Grecian would haue learn'd that Art,
For ignorance is wiſdoms better part.
When all was *Chaos* firſt the Center ſtood,
And all the ſolide parts, call'd Earth. The flood
Was next being ponderous. The ayre flew higher;
And as a hedge to all was placed fire
What firſt was plac'd was worthieſt, & brought forth
The firſt of creatures, and beſt things of worth.
And firſt it brought forth things that were below;
The roote had life, before the fruit did grow.

Demogorgon omnium Deorum primus, in media terra degens, craſsiſſima nebula circumdatus, ſitu obluctus eſt. Ima Deorũ. ex Boccacio. Quod non eſt cognitum eſt ens. Ariſt. lib. 8. de gener. & cort. Impoſsibile eſt ſcire quid eſt ignorare, ſi eſt. Poſterior. lib. 2. Plutarch. vita Themiſtocl. Socra. Hoc ſcio me nihil ſcire. Ouid. Met. lib. 1. Omne quod fit à natura, fit ſecundum ordinem. Ariſt lib. 16. Animal.

And

And we (earths darlings) had our ſhape within
Ere you without. Nor doe th'effects of ſin
(Ambitious ſin which light and knowledge ſought
And (fondly curious) blinde obedience thought
A baſe director) ſo afflict and kill
Vs here within; as you who ſhare in ill
Of puniſhment and guilt, with fooliſh Man;
Yet no way from his rule acquit yee can.
You dwell with him, and dye with him. But we
Are earth by nature, procreated free.
And our forefathers cuſtomes ſtill obay,
Doe as they did, and follow their blind way.
Not ſtriuing buſily our wits t'approue
By ſearching doubts, but rather ſhew our loue,
By louing euen their errors that are gone,
Or reuerently beleeuing they had none.
Our dyet is moſt choice, on rootes to feed,
And reliſh firſt the ſweet of euery ſeed.
You liue on th'excrement, and do not know,
That fundamentall vertue ſprings below.
Beſides you liue like ſlaues, but I am free,
Though bloudy-minded Man oft ſeeks for me.
The *Lyon* did pretend becauſe I haue
Foure feet, that I by nature was his ſlaue:
He call'd for this a Councell, ſent for me
To ſweate to his ſeruile ſupremacie.
But I (refuſing th'othe) to ſpite him more
Did vndermine his Councell-chamber flore.
And had not light (damn'd light) my plot bewraide
He had to hell ſunke by the traine I laide.
But light diſcouered me, and ſince that deed
I loath light more, and do in darkneſſe breed.

Humum degerit Talpa, & radices ſubtra comedit & corrodit. Iſid. Lib.

Dark-

Darknes thou ſweet companion, friend of ſleep,
How I delight in thee. With thee doth keep
All that man ſeeks for, euery ſecret plot,
Darke myſterie, cloſe ſtratagem; what not?
Inuiſible wealth, with treaſures manifold,
But chiefe Mans ſoule, his god, almighty-gold.
This Man knowes well, and knowing learnes of me
To dig and delue till in his graue he be.
Then all proclaime him happy: ſay he is
At peace and reſt, and doth enioy all bliſſe.
And ſuch ſay truth: for he returnes againe
To his firſt being, and doth ſo remaine.
" Contentment with darke ignorance doth dwell,
" And light and knowledge only maketh hell.
Then without farther ſtrife liue all with mee,
If you will taſte no paines, nor errors ſee.
The changeable *Chameleon* laught out-right,
To heare the blinde *Mole* raile ſo much at light.
And ſaid; Your darker ſpirits cannot conceiue,
The bleſſed fruit, that we from light receiue.
Let fooles depend on faith implicatiue,
Wiſe men into the depth of truth will diue.
Darkneſſe and ignorance, which you ſuppoſe
Had an eternall being, are the foes
Of all eternall beings; and indeed
Are voide in nature without fruit, root, ſeed.
Darkneſſe is but the abſence of cleare light.
As error is the ignorance of right.
So theſe two are vacuities, want beeing;
Not ſeen by others, nor yet others ſeeing.
From nothing, nothing ſprings; ſomething there w
From whence this vniuerſall frame, this Maſſe

Omnia corrumpuntur in ea ex quibus ſunt. Ar. lib. 3. Metaphy.

Tenebræ ſunt priuato luminis. Ariſt. l. 2. de anima. Ariſt. de gener. & corrup. lib. 1.

Of ſtrange agreeing contrarieties,
Had eſſence: and 'twas ſomething that had eyes:
For ſure it was not ignorance, nor night,
They could not ſee to order things ſo right.
But it was knowledge, wiſdom, light, and truth,
Figur'd in mature age, and actiue youth.
The priuiledge you plead, Antiquitie.
Proues onely, that of old you vſ'de to lye;
And that all truth you hate, for truth doth run
Still to the light, and you the light do ſhun.
And where you challenge your creation firſt;
It is not like Nature would make the worſt,
Before the beſt; except this can preferre
Your claime, that as young workmen vſe to erre
In their firſt workes; ſo Nature firſt did try
To make right eyes, by making yours awry.
Much rather truth it is, ſhe did beſtow
Labour in framing others; but for you,
She left you to corruption, night, and chance,
Which made your eyes ſuch, ſuch your countenance.
And your tame-blinde obedience well befits
Such earth-bred, doltiſh, dull, and ſluggiſh wits.
But ayerie Spirits acquainted with the light,
Will not be led by cuſtome from the right.
No loue, no friends, no predeceſſor ſhall
Peruert their iudgments; they examine all.
And for the food ye boaſt to eat boaſt ſtill;
No root, herbe, fruit of yours, I handle will,
They are corrupted. Ayre doth only giue
True nouriſhment; and happieſt meanes to liue.
The ſick-man ſhewes this, who the weather fayer,
Remoues for health, from cloſe to th'open ayre.

Talpa ſolem odit & fugit Iſid. Omne animal generãs ſibi ſimiles habet oculos præter talpam, &c. Ariſt. Talpa non habet oculos quia in generatione eius naturale editur. Ariſt. l. 4. de animal. Talpa roſtrum habet ad modum porci.

Talpa. Corium rumpitur quando incipit mori, & tum incipit aperire oculos. Arist.

And for the light, your death doth it approue;
When only then your eyes are seen to moue.
Then you begin to see, and loath the kinde
Which being blind themselues brought you vp blind,
Bereauing you of many a blessed sight,
Which we enioy, who loue and liue in light.
Your freedom from all beasts I like. Tis ill
To be subiected to an others will:
But that to your superiors I do hate,
And therefore am exilde from euery state:

Aër sit Cameleonti cibus. Chamæleon gyrat oculos suos frequenter circumquaque. Arist.

I liue a poore thin creature, by the ayer;
My selfe I feed with hopes, others with prayer.
My eyes I oft lift vp, and roole about,
Desiring to be seen to be deuout.
But neither with my bulke, nor with my backe
Supply the least defect of others lacke.
I beare no wooll to clothe, no flesh to feed;
Let sheep, and Calues, releeue the poore that need.
I rauisht go with a distracted looke,
And turne my minde, still, as I turne my booke.
My will doth lead my conscience, not my wit.
And euery riddle for my purpose fit:
Hating whatsere is old, I loue the new
And to all purposes, change my ready hue.

Illud. quod est in corpore suo est modicæ carnis.

My flesh is low, my spirit high and prowd
Doth contradict what order hath allow'd.
I fast when others feast, feast when they fast,
And with Angelicall food, I do out-last
All Gormandizers. Come then, liue with me
All that loue life, and light, and would be free.
The *Salamander* hearing this discourse,
Sayd. Sure you both do argue without force.

Darke

Darke ignorance our nature doth contemne;
And curious ſearch wiſe Magiſtrates condemne
By blindneſſe we our wants and dotage ſhew:
To thoſe, not reuerence but reproch is dew.
Not priuatiue blindneſſe, our antiquitie ſhowes,
But onely that which by long ſeeing growes.
But you blinde *Mole* do ignorance affect,
Which breeds deriſion, ſcorne and diſ-reſpect.
For what a ſenſeleſſe part is this in you,
Your fathers faults and errours to allow?
And not much rather to reforme your owne,
By ſhunning the defects, which they haue ſhowne?
Your food is groſſe and earthy; dirt and mould
Mixt with old roots, do much corruption hould.
Yet (though they gin to die, with age and wither)
The good with bad (being old) you cram togither.
This makes my fiery ſpirit ſcorne to keep
In your darke cells, where knowledge ſeems to ſleep.
But you *Chameleon* with a hand too bold,
Oppoſe, contemne, and ſcorne, whatſ'ere is old.
You onely loue to ſee, but not to doo,
You dote on knowledge and on error too.
"T'is error, in our ſight to ouerweene,
"And but our owne, all iudgements diſ-eſteeme.
"T'is error to be fondly ouer-wiſe,
"Too pure, too iuſt, too perfect, too preciſe,
There is a meane. For knowledge ſure doth liue
"Only, where it doth good to others giue.
You too too ſawcie hidden ſecrets handle,
And too too fond your owne conceits do dandle,
And cocker with obſeruance: being ſo
A friend to ſuperſtition, though a foe.

Corpus p. lucidum illuminatur per reflectionem, corpus cœleste solum per se. Com. in Arist. lib. 1. Met. Lux est visibilis per se: color verò mediante luce. Com. in Ari. l. 2. de Anima.

The light you vse, is borrowed not your owne,
The colours that you see, their ground vnknowne.
Your darke imperfect, double glimmering sight,
Is but th'extended beames of greater light.
Arising from vicinitie of fire,
To which the purest elements aspire
In their refined parts; the earth in gold
And pretious stones, do most resemblance hold;
The sea in salt, in Pearles, in dewes that rise,
And to the Sunne-ward with ambition flies;
The ayre in colours and in Meteors bright,
Which the Sunnes place vsurpe in darkest night.
Tis fire alone that searcheth and refines,
And doth diuide the grosse from purer mines.
Tis fire that makes grasse, herbe, and tree to grow:
Melts the seas Icie chaines, and th'earths cold snow.
It cheers the young, it cherisheth the old,
Reuiues the dying, makes the Coward bold.

Omnia elementa putrefiunt preter ignem. Arist. l. 4. Meteo.

Nothing without it can be said to liue,
What'ere hath being, it doth glory giue.
Which makes me to determine, that the light
Which you inuisible call, is but a sprite
Made by your feare, and strong imagination,
Without true being, essence, or foundation.
For light the greater 'tis, doth more appeare;
So would that light of lights, if such there were.

Stellæ enim non videntur de die propter lumen solis Com. Ar. l. 2. de Anima.

My iudgement therefore in this rule doth runne,
There's nothing greater then the glorious Sunne.
Here I set downe my rest. And for the schooles,
That teach beleefe, let them still tutor fooles.
From your contention, my instruction sprung;
And thus I learn'd to thinke when I was yong.

The *Mole* doth feed too much on earthly meat,
And the *Chameleon* nought but ayre doth eat.
I neither like your faſt, nor yet your feaſting,
For twixt you two all earneſt turnes to ieaſting.
And doth perſwade me thinke, there is no food,
In earth or ayre, that doth or hurt, or good.
So all my knowledge, practiſe, life, doth chime,
According to the current, ſtate, and time.
I thinke they'r only gulls that liue in awe
Of any thing but want, death, and the law.
I quench all fiery zeale where'ſere I come,
And would haue Policie ſpeake; Religion dumbe.
I poyſon with my breath, both foe and frend,
And to my pleaſure doe each proiect bend,
In briefe I onely am a freeman borne,
Who loue my ſelfe alone, and others ſcorne.

The *Lamprey* hearing this damn'd Atheiſt tell,
A tale befitting none but *Machiauel*,
Thruſt his eye-guarded head aboue the brim,
Of the rug'd waues, and to the ſhore did ſwim.
And on his ſlipperie belly gan to ſlide,
Till he came neere the *Salamanders* ſide.
Thou curſed ſlaue (quoth he) though I proceed
From ſome of thy neere kin, of ſerpents ſeed,
And am halfe ſerpent, as thou wholly art,
Yet I am halfe a fiſh; and euen that part
Prouokes me contradict the curſed note,
Which thou didſt vomit from thy venomd throat.
Thy Pedigree is lineally deriued
From that great Serpent, which at firſt depriued
The reſt of feet; and being ouer-wiſe
Gull'd credulous man of glorious Paradiſe.

Salamandræ tantus eſt rigor, vt ignem tactu extinguat ſicut glacies. Plin. l. 10.

fructus arborum inſcit, aquas corrumpit. Ex quibus ſi quis comederit vel biberit mox necatur. Plin. l. 10.

Murena non à ſuo ſimili concipitur, ſed à ſerpente, Iſid. l. 12. cap. 6.

Still thou partak'ſt that nature, and each tree
Thy tongue or teeth touch, ſo infected be
In root and fruit, that who ſo eats doth die,
Poyſon'd b'accurſt, cold infidelitie.
Too light beleefe, and too too earneſt thirſt
Of curious knowledge, cauſde death enter firſt:
But now thy skill hath brought it ſo about,
That hearing, ſeeing, feeling, ſtill we doubt.
And flying one extreame, we fondly fall
Into the contrary; wiſe, fooles, and all.
"Yet blindneſſe better is, then hauing eyes,
"Not t'acknowledge truthes, but count them lyes.
"T'is better to be doubtfull what we know,
"Then to be Truthes profeſt and open foe.
The *Mole* and the *Chameleon* better are,
And neerer truth, then thou thy ſelfe by farre.
Yet the *Chameleon* ſomewhat doth reſemble
Thy nature, but he can more cloſe diſſemble.
He is not ſo prophane, ſo impious, bold,
To call all truth in doubt, both new and old;
Though he giues darkneſſe not the praiſe he ought,
And too too curious, after knowledge ſought:
Yet he confeſſeth that there is a light
He cannot ſee, through th'impotence of ſight.
But you all light and knowledge do confine
Within the Sunne, as if it were diuine:
And like a deſperate traytor, fooliſh theefe,
From Art and Nature ſteale, to kill beleefe.
Come then good fellowes (quoth the *Lamprey*) ta
This monſter vp amongſt vs; let vs make
Him an example of our iuſtice ſhowne,
Vpon Truthes foe, ſo manifeſtly knowne.

Dubitatorum ſolum modo eſt veritatis inquiſitio. Ariſtot. Met. l. 3.

With that he nimbly twines himſelfe about
The *Salamander* (being quicke and ſtout:)
Chameleon and the *Mole*, the *Lamprey* aide
Which makes the *Salamander* much diſmay'd.
Yet he doth lay about with tongue, teeth, nailes,
And bites them all, but oddes at length preuailes.
And they remayning victors caſt him downe
From the ſteepe cliffe, and ſo the Atheiſt drowne.
Then comming backe, they two the *Lamprey* pray
His wiſe opinion of their ſtrife to ſay:
That they may know to which part he enclines
Whether to darkneſſe, or where ſplendor ſhines.
He ſoone conſents, and tells how he (by kinde
Bred and brought vp in mud) is of the minde
The *Mole* ſpake truth. For happineſſe (quoth he)
Conſiſts in what we haue, not what we ſee,
And ſight prouokes vs wiſh, and couet change
And ſo in boundleſſe, endleſſe, toyle we range,
He that knowes moſt, knowes beſt what he doth miſſe,
The loſſe of *Paradiſe* is onely this.
The ſimple innocent truth this inſtance fameth;
Man in the darke being naked nothing ſhameth.
Thus he diſcourſt, then tells how he behaues
Himſelfe in darkneſſe, vnderneath the waues.
How he prefers old Ignorance, before
New Knowledge, and (I wot) knowes cauſe therefore,
Shewes how for this opinion he was brought
Before the *Whale*, yet long in vaine was ſought;
Tells how he ſcapes the ſearch by many creeks
And winding holes, when *Hippia* him ſeeks:
For they (*Phœnician Creſiſhes* being ſwift)
Are Purſeuants which he can hardly ſhift;

Yet he hath learned counſell, who directs
His whole proceeding when he ought ſuſpects.
Firſt ſubtle *Polypus* to whom he cleaues,
And ſeeming part of him the ſearch deceaues.
The turbulent *Cuttle*, who doth raiſe the mud,
And ſuch a colour mingle with the flood,
That no eye can diſcouer where he lies,
And ſo he often ſcapes the craftie ſpies.
Then creeps to ſtones that lye on ſi't and ſand,
(Not to the corner-Stone on ſtedfaſt land:)
And if by chance they finde him ſpite of theſe,
And ſo attach him, then he can with eaſe
Slip through their fingers, or himſelfe vnwinde,
By leauing ſome part of his ſlime behinde.
He can equiuocate, and double ſo,
That euery way at once he ſeemes to go.
Yet once he taken was, and brought to triall,
Where with his doubtfull anſwers, ſtiffe deniall,
Low crowching, ſmooth conueyance, flattering guiſe
He ſcap't th'Exchequer, Priſon, and th'Aſsiſe.
Then being askt, why darker ignorance
Before the light he did in ſpeech aduance.
He anſwers, firſt it was to try his wit;
Not that he held it, to be true or fit.
Againe, becauſe ſmall vſe of light he had,
He to make ſome fooles like himſelfe was glad.
With theſe ſlye anſwers, and great friends beſide,
And faithfull bribes, he did from danger glide:
And ſuch fee'd friends he had in euery Court,
And euery office, at the leaſt report
Of threatned danger rounded him in th'eare
To ſhift his ſeat, before the ſtorme came neare.

Lamprey quaſi Lampetra. *Of licking rocks.* Camden.

Bribes are faithfull friends, for gifts corrupt the wiſe.

Then ſhewes he how the better to diſguiſe
His double face, he had two rowes of eyes:
As though he lou'd all knowledge and all light.
But (quoth he) only two of theſe haue ſight;
The reſt are hypocriticall and blinde:
Yet their appearance calmes the *Whales* fierce minde.
Whoſe eaſy nature open to abuſe,
Takes ſhew for ſubſtance, colour for excuſe.
I thus adapt and frame my ſelfe to follow
The *Whales* command, although my heart be hollow.
I liue at quiet, offices obtaine,
Place in the warres, and in the *Coram* gaine.
All which ſhall turne vnto the *Whales* deſtruction:
If euer great fiſh, mooue but inſurrection:
For I'le diſcouer all when time ſhall fit;
" Who truſts a halfe friend, hath not halfe his wit.
Whil'ſt thus he argu'd, and the *Mole* grew proud,
To heare affected ignorance allow'd:
And that ſo many in that large dominion,
Remain'd vpholders of his ſtiffe opinion.
The thinne *Chameleon* gan looke bigge and ſwell,
And each complain'd himſelfe he was not well,
But then too late, they found how they were ſtung
And poyſon'd by the *Salamanders* toung.
There was no helpe, but die they muſt. In vaine
They weepe; and each to other ſhew their paine,
Till Iuſtice did by death their paine conclude,
With tragicke end cloſing their interlude.

Epimythium.

Epimythium.

THe *Mole* is the blinde, obſtinate, refractary Romiſh Catholicke, who hath no other anſwere or reaſon for any article of faith, or point of religion, but this: My predeceſſors were of this opinion, and they were wiſer then I am. His Poſitions are. 1. *Ignorantia eſt mater deuotionis.* 2. *Cæca obedientia meruit ex condigno.* 3. *Fides implicatiua ſufficit.* He obeyes that which he calls the mother Church, before God, who is his heauenly Father. For hee had rather breake ten of his commandements then one of hers. Gods Sabboth day is his play day, and euery Saints day, his Sabboth. What hee ſpends on Chriſtmas day, hee ſpares on Aſhwedneſday, and Goodfriday. And this is his generall rule, two faſting dayes, makes the third a glutton.

The *Chameleon* is in *England* a Familiſt, at *Amſterdam* a Browniſt, further on an Anabaptiſt. He liues by the aire, and there builds Caſtles and Churches: none on the earth will pleaſe him. He would be of the triumphant and glorious Church, but not of the terrene militant Church, which is ſubiect to ſtormes, deformities, and many violences and alterations of time, he muſt finde out *Sr Thomas Mores Vtopia*, or rather *Platoes* Communitie, and be an *Elder* there. In this point, and in that of reſiſting ciuill gouernours, he ſeems the ſame with the Romiſh Catholicke. But they are tide onely by the tailes, like *Sampſons* foxes, their heads like *Ianus* looke diuers wayes. They are *Boutefewes*, & carry betwixt them a fire-brand to inflame all Chriſtendome,

ſtendome. They haue in their imagination an *Idea* of ſuch a Church, and ſuch keyes as the Romaniſts madly boaſt they poſſeſſe: but they will not haue them the ſame, nor to reſemble theirs. Fooliſh *Alchimiſters* they are both, ſeeking a *Philoſophers* ſtone, and neglecting the true *Elixar*, the *Corner-ſtone*. They boaſt to build golde on the foundation, when what they daube on is adulterate ſtuffe, laid beſide the foundation. They beggar themſelues in ſeeking for wealth abroad, whil'ſt at home they neglect that Pearle of ineſtimable price, for which the wiſe Merchant giues all that he is worth. If euer I could heare *Papiſt* cleare the *Pope* from being *Antichriſt* and proue he muſt be one ſingular Perſon, I would then beleeue that hee ſhould not ſpring from a Iew of the tribe of *Dan*, as they fable, but from a promiſcuous coniunction betwixt two fugitiues, to *Amſterdam*, and *Rome*.

The *Salamander* is the *Atheiſt*, hee is contrary to himſelfe, and hatefull to others; he poyſons all with whom he conuerſeth, and knowes ſome Philoſophy, no Diuinity. Hee ſeekes all wiſedome in himſelfe, where the Tutor is the Maſter foole; and is ſo inquiſitiue after the cauſe, that he forgets both the end and the cauſer. His reaſon is his god, and that being falſe, is not able to direct him to ſearch & ſee the true God. Thus he is drown'd in the ſea of his owne fooliſh and boundleſſe imaginations; and being borne a pretty childe, is brought vp for his mothers Cocknie, ſpends his youth like a wittie foole, his Manhood like a reaſonable beaſt, and his age (if iudgement cut him not off) like a deuill incarnate.

Lampreya quaſi Lampetra. *Of kicking the rocke.* Camden in Worſterſhire.

The *Lamprey* is the ſubtill ſhotten Catholike or Church

Church Papiſt. He cooſins the law and his owne ſoule too. He is worſe to truſt then the open and profeſt recuſant. He hath no good conſcience, for: *Conſcientia eſt ſcientia cum alia ſcientia.* No good zeale, for zeale is *Intentio virtutum theologicarum* (An oppoſite to Hypocriſie, with which he clokes himſelfe from all penall ſtatutes) He is neither fiſh nor fleſh; but halfe fiſh, and halfe Serpent, as they ſay which write of the generation of the *Lamprey.* A man may eaſily ſurfet of ſuch meate, and a State ſoone indanger it ſelfe by ſuffering ſuch to increaſe. There is no law can meete with their fraud. The Churchwarden is his Coppiholder. The Parſon is his Chaplaine. Theſe dare not preſent him; A fine will vndoe the firſt, and a prohibition begger the other: yet theſe the law preſumes muſt firſt ſpeak or none. If theſe do their office, the Iewry are perhaps his tenants, he is a Iuſtice of peace, a great man their neighbour. If they finde him guiltie, there are pillars in the Excheaquer: or if theſe faile, a friend or kinſman in Court makes all ſure. Theſe ſcape thus themſelues, and ſhelter others in their houſes and abroad. Becauſe the State through conniuence accepting a weake and imperfect ſhew of conformitie, giues credite to their conuerſions, and intruſts them in place where they may doe much hurt. The goods, leaſes, and monies of the meaner and more reſolute ſort are paſt ouer to theſe, and paſſe free vnder their priuiledges and protections. The Character to know theſe is this. They come to Church once a moneth, and then when Prayers are done and the Pſalmes ſung perhaps at the beginning of the Sermon. They are pragmaticall, and haue for the moſt part trauail'd and brought

brought home ignorance? they are ſtiffe and inflexible, and call it ſtrength to oppoſe truth and reaſon. They extoll forraigne gouernment, and ſlight all domeſticke graces. They magnifie the *Infanta*, the *Archduke*, and *Spinola*; but vilifie his *Excellence* and the *States*. They will diſpute of ſcandalls, or what may ſeem ſcandalous, and that only at tables, where if you ſtop their mouthes with arguments, they pretend they could ſay more, but that their mouthes are ſtopt with meat. They trauaile ſtill on Sundaies, and remooue againſt Eaſter.

Struthiocamelus

Struthiocamelus.

DEDICATED

To the vertuous Knight,

Sir Iohn Heuenningham, and his charitable *Lady*.

WHat on our ſelues we ſpend, doth through vs paſſe,
And leaue vs naked, as this Oſtrich *was:*
This makes you on the poore beſtow ſo much,
And no expence but on your ſelues to grutch.

A Wealthy Merchant late in *Barbary*,
Through ſandy deſarts paſsing; chanc't to ſpy
An *Oſtrich* eating iron which he found,
By Trauellers ſcattered vpon the ground:
Quoth then this Merchant; prithee let me know,
What nouriſhment, can from thoſe mettals grow?
The *Oſtrich* anſwers; Sir I do not eate
This iron, as you thinke I do, for meate.
I only keepe it, lay it vp in ſtore,
To helpe my needy friends, the friendleſſe poore.

Tantæ caliditatis eſt Struthiocamelus quod ferrum deglutit, dirigit & conſumit. Iſid.

I ofter

I often meete (as farre and neere I goe)
Many a fowndred horſe that wants a ſhooe:
Seruing a Maſter that is money-leſſe:
Such I releiue and helpe in their diſtreſſe.
With trauellers I meete that are beſet
By theeues and robbers often. Then I get
My ſelfe among the thickeſt, and preſent
Out of my maw a piſtoll ready bent,
A ſword and dagger, or ſome ſuch like tooke,
To help the true man, and the theefe to coole.
The Merchant muſ'de (as well he might) at this,
And thought within himſelfe; this fellow is
Moſt fit for my imployment, I will ſtraight
Hire him to be my Bailiefe. No deceit
Lurkes in his ſimple ſhew; he'le ſurely keepe,
My plow-yorns, when my lazie hindes do ſleepe.
This to the *Oſtrich* motion'd, he agrees,
The wages are ſet downe, the vailes, the fees,
The liuory, with circumſtance enough,
And they come home. And now God ſpeed the plough.
The *Oſtrich* carefully laies vp the rakes,
The pitchforke-teines, the iron-pointed ſtakes,
The wedges, hammer, hatchet, and the nailes,
The ſithe, the ſickle, and the biles of pailes,
The ſhare, the coulter, heele-yorne, and the cocke,
The whip, the horſe-ſhooe, with the key and locke.
He needes no locke and key to keepe them vnder,
But keeps both lock & key, where you wold wonder.
Then comes into the houſe, puts vp the gun,
The ſword and dagger; and when this is done,
Deuoures the dripping-pan, the cob-irons, ſpit,
And ſwallowes all the iron bit by bit.

The

The Merchant praiſ'd his fortune, that he had
Got one ſo good, 'mongſt many ſeruants bad.
Told him he ſhortly would his ſtate preferre,
From being Bailiffe, to be Treaſurer;
For he could not inuent a ſurer hold,
Then th'*Oſtrich* had for ſiluer, or for gold.
And now the Merchant leauing one at home,
That he may well truſt, goes abroad to rome:
Neglects his houſe and lands, thinks all is well,
And as he wont to doe, doth buy and ſell.
Mongſt other things he ſold, becauſe the warres
Began afreſh, he truct for yron barres.
For he was one of thoſe that would for gaine,
Sell bullets, where they were ſhot home againe,
And did our Mines and Woods on Ordnance waſt,
Which ſpite of lawes, he to the Enemie paſt.
Much yorne he had at home, and ſold beſide
All kinde of armour fit for ſuch a tide.
So home he comes glad of ſo good a mart,
For here he knowes the *Oſtrich* playes the part
Of a good Bailffe. He may eaſily thriue.
When ſuch a full winde doth his fortune driue.
His land he finds vntill'd, he wonders then
And thinkes the fault reſts on his lazy Men.
They ſay they wanted yrons for the plough,
He wonders, for the Bailiffe had enough.
He findes his houſe all naked, not a bit
Of meate prepar'd, the Cooke wants pot, and ſpit.
He goes to bed, the theeues aſſault his houſe:
He hath no weapon to reſiſt a Mouſe.
He riſeth early, lookes for his munition,
The place remaines, no yron in fruition.

His barres are gone, his houſhold ſtuffe and all,
Now to account his Bayliffe he doth call.
The Seruants ioyne in their petition firſt,
And ſhew their griefes, how hard he was, and curſt.
How he kept backe their wages and their meate,
And gaue them worke, but gaue them not to eate.
How he neere hand had made a monſtrons neaſt,
Where whilſt they faſted, he and his did feaſt.
And thither he conuaide the yron worke
Where the ſhee *Oſtrich* and his young did lurke:
Who ſwallow'd all; for they haue mawes as large
As culuerings, which would as ſoone diſcharge
The yron loade; and ſooner farre would ſpend,
And bring a world of wealth to lauiſh end.
The *Oſtrich* to excuſe himſelfe bewraies
The place where ſafely he this yron laies.
Carries him to a priuate hole, where ſtill
He dung'd, when he his maw did ouer-fill,
Quoth he if you can good diſtinction make,
Each ſeuerall peece you may from hence vptake.
The plow-geares, cart-geares, and the toole for war,
Spits, pots, and cobirons, here together are.
Each wedge, knife, hammer, and the ſmalleſt naile,
Drawne lymbick wiſe through ſtomacke, guts & taile.
It's a rare chymicall extraction now,
Better then all the drugs the Mount-bankes ſhow.
It paſſeth our elixar, or the ſtone
Sought for by many, but attaind by none.
Th'obſtruction of the Liuer, and the ſpleene,
It opens, mollifies, and purgeth cleane.
A ſecret t'is aſſur'd, for madneſſe, folly,
Wild iealouſie, and cloudy melancholly,

Stercus ferri eximium rarumque medicamentum ad omnes iocineris & ſplenis obſtructiones. Mathiol.

Medicamentum exiccatorium. Idem Mathiol.

It cures the Gout, and qualifies the cauſe,
Suppling a hide-bound purſe like th'oile of lawes,
It dries vp humours, humours that abound,
And mans weake body it makes ſafe and ſound.
The merchant ſtood amazed, but at the laſt,
He ſeazde vpon the *Oſtrich*, held him faſt:
Made him be tide behinde a horſe, and ſtript,
(His buttocks bare as now they be) and whipt.
Ranſackt his neaſt, and brake before his face
His egs, though his poore Hen in hope of grace,
Did ſue for their repriuall. But in vaine,
He lookes to finde his Iron there againe.
Which miſsing he proceedes, exiles him quite,
And then vpon his gate this note doth write.

They are called his egges, becauſe hee trod the hen that laid them.

Let Rich-men wiſely feare,
All ſuch as feathers weare,
It's loſt whatſ'ere they borrow,
And ſoone their mawes goes thorow:
The ſubſtance they conſume
To nought but ſmoke and rhume;
But th'vſe they neuer faile
To pay with tongue and taile.

Naturaliter equum odit. Arenam fodit & ibi ponit ova ſua quæ fabulo cooperit & regit.

The *Oſtrich* euer ſince his breeches loſt,
Goes like a naked rogue at whipping poſt.
He hates a horſe to death ſince he was ſtript,
And for his fault, ti'de at his taile and whipt.
He hides his egges, and couers them from ſight,
Leſt man ſhould find & break them. Thus they write

Epimythium

Epimythium.

THe *Merchant* figureth Parſimony, the *Oſtrich* Prodigalitie; what the one gathers, the other ſpends. Ages, nations, and particular perſons haue their alternall variations and viciſsitudes, euen in gathering and expence, as in all other paſſages. There be few ſcraping fathers; but their children prooue witty ſcatterers, or fooliſh retainers: experience of manyages ſcarce produce one contradiction to this generall obſeruation. The father, vſeth no more diligence in damning his ſoule by getting goods vnlawfully, then the ſonne doth in ſpending them prodigally: Let this therefore learne *Vſurers*, *ingrocers*, and *Oppreſſors* of all profeſsions, (if they loue their wealth, and would not haue it waſted; or loue their children, and would not haue them vndone) to ſecure their eſtates rather from their children, then for them. It is not the want, but the enioying of abundance that vndoes many men. The rich father who dares beſtow nothing on himſelfe; and the prodigall ſonne that ſpends all on others, and keepes nothing for himſelfe, are the miſerableſt beggers in the world. Others haue pitty and prouiſion to helpe them, theſe nothing but deriſion and ſcorne. No Hoſpitall will entertaine them; only the father findes roome in Bedlame, and the ſonne a hole in the Counter, or a dungeon in Newgate.

ONOCROTALVS.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT hopefull KNIGHT, Sir THOMAS SOVTHVVELL.

YOur name hath long been miſt, now fairely riſe
And make your Country flouriſh. All our eyes
Are caſt vpon your actions; then on vs
Reflect your loue. Shunne Onocrotalus.

WHilome within the Perſian gulfe did haunt
A fowle much like our greedy *cormorant*,
Cald *Onocrotalus*, who vſde to pray,
On fiſh, or fowle, or beaſt which paſt his way.
He had a crop vnder his boſome wide,
In compaſſe like a ſacke, and thereto ſide.

Onocrotalus eſt auis duos habens vteros. In vno recipit, in alio decoquit. Iſid.

Much

Much harme and ſpoile he did, for none could paſſe
But fild his pouch, if bird, beaſt, fiſh, it was.
At length th'oppreſſed birds, with fiſh, and beaſt,
Petition to their Soueraignes, and requeſt
Aide and protection gainſt the open wrong,
This tyrant daily did, and had done long.
The beaſts vnto the *Lyon* made complaint.
Birds to the *Eagle*. Fiſhes did acquaint
The Seas great Emperour the *Whale*, with griefe,
They all ſuſtain'd, and all implor'd reliefe.
Long was it ere they could be heard, for ſtill,
The *Cormorant*, (for ſo we call him will)
Had many friends in euery Court, which he
Maintainde with large ſhares, and full liberall fee,
For ſtill his gorge full laden, ready ſtood,
And when they miſt elſewhere they here had food,
Food of each kinde, for euery ſtomacke fit,
And ſuch as fauorites were had part of it.
Long thus he put them off, yet at the laſt,
By counter-bribes, their weake petitions paſt.
The *Eagle* firſt did ſeeke him, and he found,
The theefe where he would wiſh, vpon the ground,
Quoth he, well met, are you the fowle that pray,
Vpon our harmleſſe ſubiects night and day,
That none can this way paſſe and vſe his trade,
But is a ſubiect to your fury made?
Not I ſir (quoth the *Cormorant*) I am one,
That liue in contemplation all alone.
This poke I begge with to ſuſtaine my need,
And I no fowle am but a beaſt indeed.
Quoth then the *Eagle*, wherefore ſerue thy wing?
O (quoth the *Cormorant*) thou mighty king

Of feathered fowles, theſe two are my forefeete,
Held vp to honor thee, with reuerence meete.
And that thou maiſt be full reſolu'd, and knowe
That I vnto the *Lyon* duty owe,
As ſubiects to their Soueraignes, not to thee,
Without thou wilt vſurpe authoritie,
And into other neighbour Realmes incroch,
(Which to thy Iuſtice were a fowle reproch)
Heare but my voice. With that he ſteps aſide,
And in the water thruſts his wezand wide,
And like an *Aſſe* gan bray. The *Eagle* ſtraight
Hearing his voice, ſuſpected no deceit,
But paſt away to ſeeke what now he ſaw.
When the late noyſe he made did thither draw
The kingly *Lyon*, who did hunt about,
As th'other did to finde th'oppreſſer out.
And when he ſpide him; What art thou quoth he
The beaſt gainſt whom ſo many plaine to me?
O noble *Lyon*, quoth the *Cormorant*,
I am a fiſh, the water ſtill I hant.
And here I take my food, and lead my life,
Free from oppreſsion, and each cauſe of ſtrife.
Why, quoth the *Lyon*, now I heard thee bray
Like to an *Aſſe*. True, True, my Lord ye ſay,
(Quoth this ſmooth hypocrite) for I would faine
Be like an *Aſſe*, ſo innocent and plaine.
I loue beaſts well, and next your excellence,
The humble *Aſſe*, for ſtill his patience.
And now to put your highneſſe out of doubt,
Behold me ſwimme and diue, (ſo launcht he out
Far from the *Lyons* reach) If beaſts quoth he,
Can ſwimme and diue thus, I a beaſt may be.

Roſtrum in aquam mergens horridum facit ſonum, Aſinino more, Iſid.

With

With that he diues, ſaying, Sir far you well,
Your faire commends to the King *Whale* I'le tell.
The *Lyon* parted thence; the *Whale* that way
Had ſought this *Monſter* all the liue-long day;
And ſeeing ſuch an vncouth thing glide paſt,
Within his Kingdome, with ſuch nimble haſt;
He call'd and bad him ſtay, and will'd him tell,
If he were *Onocrotalus* that fell
And cruell murtherer, who ſuch hauocke made
Of all that in that wealthy Rode did trade?
O mighty *Emperour* (aloud he cri'de)
I hardly ſcap't euen now his curſed pride
For being by my noble Maſter ſent,
(The *Eagle* King of fowles) you to preſent
With birds and other iunkets in my crop,
He needs would me from your glad preſence ſtop;
And but he heard you comming, I ſurmiſe,
His lawleſſe force had made me lawfull prize.
Quoth then the *Whale*, I ſearch to meete that ſlaue.
But what art thou that canſt ſo well behaue,
Thy tayle and nimble fins? Art not a fiſh?
That I were ſuch (quoth he) it is my wiſh.
I like thy milder reigne where ſubiects ſay,
For loue, and not for dread, they thee obey.
And would arm'd in white ſcales, if I might chooſe
Serue thee a fiſh, and my blacke feathers looſe.
But Nature this forbids; yet ſtill I ſtriue,
Euen from my youth, fiſh-like to ſwim and diue:
And vnderſtand their language, and conuerſe
With them whoſe ciuill manners, are leſſe fierce
Then beaſts or birds be. For they drinke far more
And eat much leſſe, then we doe on the ſhore.

This drinking I delight in, and haue tride,
By all good meanes to make my belly wide.
Yet ſee, I am fowle. So vp he hies,
And takes his wings with ſpeede, aud far thence flies?
The *Whale* then found his cunning and ſtraight ſent
A priuy letter of his cloſe intent,
Both to the *Eagle* and the *Lyon* ſtout,
To meet and ioyne, and finde this Out-law out.
They met, and ioynd, and then this Out-law found
Nor in the Sea, nor yet vpon the ground:
Nor flying in the aire, but in a hold,
A hollow tree, whoſe ſtrength made braggard bold.
They ſpoke him faire, but he diſcerned plaine,
Their drift, and cride: Faire words make Idiots faine.
They threatned him, but threats he doth deride,
And ſaith, by threatning words none euer dyde.
The *Eagle* would haue ventered on his neaſt,
But he his bill held right vpon his breaſt,
Like a ſtiffe ſouldiers pike, ſharpe, long, and armd;
And no way but right downe he could be harmd.
The *Lyon* would haue torne with teeth and nailes
The tree vp by the roote, but wanted ſailes
To ſwim ſo farre, for it in waters ſtood.
The *Whale* then thought to toſſe it in the flood,
But in a rocke it grew, and growing ſo,
He bad them do their worſt, he fear'd no foe.
They ſaide, they would beſiege and ſtarue him out;
He laught amaine, and ſhew'd how gainſt that dout
He was prouided, hauing ſtore to ſerue
So long, till if they ſtaid, they all would ſtarue.
Then each bethought himſelfe of many a wile
And war-like ſtratagem, how to beguile

Hic in litore quieſcens roſtrum ſuũ ſuperſurſum erigit. Et ſui ipſius acumine contra inſulſum Accipitris ſe præmunit. Iſid.

This

This politique Rebell, and to force him yeild
Or ſtarue within, or venter to the field.
All workes the ayre, the water, or the land
Did ere produce, theſe Captaines vnderſtand:
But none found able to enforce this ſtrength;
The warlike *Lyon* yet conceiu'd at length
How to effect it. Great confederates heare,
(Quoth he) what I propound. There's nought I feare
But what I ſpeake of. Once I did rebell
Againſt our Generall Soueraigne Man: to tell
This fault doth touch my honour, but you all
I know haue been co-partners in my fall,
And his moſt gracious pardon. Then, O then
I kept within my fort, a hideous den
Caru'd out of rocke it was; and no way he
Could force me out, or make aſſault on me.
At laſt with indignation mou'd, he takes
A mighty flint vp, and with hurling, breakes
The ſame againſt a rocke, which flying ſings,
And ſparkles from the ayre betwixt them ſprings
As from a red-hot yron, when a Smith
With heauy hammer beats it on a ſtith.
Neere hand he had before laid leaues with roſſe
From Okes torne with a Northern blaſt, and moſſe
Dride in the parching Sun: and wood which dide
By killing age, and ſtood my den beſide.
The ſparks inflam'd this ſtuffe, which in the mouth
Of my darke Caue he plac'd: the winde then South
Forc'd in the ſmoke, and this ayre-thickning ſmoke
Infor'd me thus, either come out or choke.

Hie

The iſſue you remember: this alone
Muſt be our proiect now; or Art hath none.
Hie therefore braue bird-brother, quickly take
Twixt your ſtrong tallents this great flint, and make
Experience of my plot. Mount with it hie
And let it fall, that fire may from it flie:
Which kindled once, fan gently with your wing,
And cheriſh with ſoft breath: then let the king
Of fiſhes with his mighty noſtrels puffe
Till it flames fiercely, and burnes hot enough.
This counſell they applaud; but th'*Eagle* thought
How purer, hotter flames might ſoone be ſought:
And vp he nimbly ſores the milke-white way,
Where (being a minion knowne) he findes no ſtay;
Each dore flies ope alone, till to the eare
Of mighty *Ioue* he gets, and lets him heare
His buſineſſe and his ſuite, which was for fier
And thunderbolts; *Ioue* grants his deſier.
Downe quickly he deſcends and makes a traine
About the place where this theefe doth remaine:
Then powder he applies vnto the root
Of th'ollow tree, and thence the ſlaue doth ſhoot.
He ſhoots him thence into the ayre as hye,
As th'*Eagles* ſelfe could follow with his eye.
And downe he comes and doth deſcend the deep,
Where the ſtill Center doth no motion keep.
Then vp againe aboue the ſwelling maine,
He bounds, there floting without ſenſe or paine.
And ere he can recouer labouring breath,
That's loth to part, the *Whale* from vnderneath

The traytor doth attach, and ſtraightway brings
To be arrayned before the other Kings.
Him they examine, but he will confeſſe,
No trueth but what they know as he doth gheſſe.
Then they doe racke him (being rent before)
Yet he no truth, but many a lye doth rore.
Till with the violent torture and conſtraint,
Life almoſt failing, and with ſufferings faint,
His gorge he vomits, and bewraies with paine
The truth, for which they ſought ſo long in vaine;
And firſt (prepoſterouſly) he caſteth out,
All ſlimy lubricke meats, *Eele*, *Gudgeon*, *Trout*;
The *Citty heyres*, *Gilt-head* and *Golden-eye*,
Belonging to the Sea-kings ſoueraignty.
And with this euidence conuict, the tryall
Proceeds to prooue him guilty in denyall
Of farther wrongs done. The *Wood-cocke*, *Parret*,
The *Gooſe*, the *Dotterell*, *Iack-daw* prone to barret,
The *Sea-gull* and the *Cinclos* weake and friendleſſe,
And of poore widdow-*Turtles* numbers endleſſe,
With diuers ſubiects to the royall *Eagle*,
He doth as eaſily voide, as erſt inueagle.
Yet ſtill vnto the *Lyon* he denyes
Himſelfe a treſpaſſer, but all thoſe lyes
He lately made, and late was taken in,
Afford preſumption of his farther ſinne.
For which againe they racke him one pin higher,
And then he vtters more then they deſier.
A fooliſh *Cony*, and an innocent *Lambe*,
A credulous *Calfe* new weaned from the dam,
And yet in wardſhip; a ridiculous *Mouſe*
For feare of *Cats* leauing her ſheltring houſe:

And

And laſt of all, (for which the *Lyon* greeued)
A *Hare*, from execution oft repreeued.
All theſe with eaſie vtterance, doth declare
That he did fowle, nor beaſt, nor fiſhes ſpare
But preide on all, and ſo became a pray
To the *Eagle*, *Whale*, and *Lyon*, euery way,
Which proou'de and made by demonſtration plaine,
Beyond the power of impudence to faine :
He then excepts againſt th'vndue proceeding,
They in his apprehenſion vſde, not heeding
The law of Nations, but by force conſtrayning
(Himſelfe) an others ſubiect, remayning
In peace, and league with them, to be arrayned
Like to a Traytor, and with tortures payned.
He ſaith the place he kept in was without
Their iuriſdiction, and he made no doubt
To prooue it with large priuiledges bleſſed
A ſanctuarie for the poore diſtreſſed.
They ſlight his cauills ; And the *Whale* demands
In whoſe vnknowne, ſtrange gouernment it ſtands
If not in one of theirs ? For ayre, earth, ſea,
And all they haue (but Man and what Mans be,)
Doe properly belong to one of theſe,
Who may diſpoſe of all, as they beſt pleaſe.
I pray then quoth the *Cormorant*) relate
To whoſe Emperiall crowne, and to whoſe ſtate,
My enuy'd neaſt belongs ? which of you three
Claime th'intereſt as Lord by right of fee ?
For if it proper be to one, the reſt
Haue done much wrong, t'vſurp his intereſt
Whoſe it ſhould be. This queſtion he did make
Hoping thereby their ſetled loues to ſhake

By couetous ambition, whilſt they all
Would make their claimes, and ſo aſunder fall.
But the foreſeeing *Eagle* bids him minde
His owne affaires, and not to thinke t'vnwinde
The ſnares true Iuſtice laies about his life,
By interpoſing ſuch ſlight cauſe of ſtrife
Betwixt ſuch firme frends, in ſtrong league combinde
And with all ſtrength of entercourſe entwinde.
And yet to ſatisfie this curious doubt,
Know (quoth the *Eagle*) that being hem'd about
With floting waters, it belongs to him
Who gouerns all that in the waters ſwim.
But as it on the ſtedfaſt earth doth ſtand,
It longs to him that is the king of land.
And the large tree which ſpreads his ſpacious bowes
In th'open ayre, within my kingdome growes.
Thy neaſt thus longs to all of vs, thy food
Stolne from our ſubiects, in th'ayre, earth, flood:
And thou thy ſelfe muſt needs, if thou beeſt either
Beaſt, bird, or fiſh, be one of ours; if neither,
Say what thou art, or whoſe thou art; for all
But Man and Monſters in this number fall.
Then (quoth the *Cormorant*) I doe belong
Vnto the fearefull *Dragon*, whoſe blacke tongue
Threats death to each of you, and keeps in awe
Your humbler ſpirits, making his will your lawe,
He is the king of ſerpents, whoſe ſtrong breath
Confounds your ſtrength with all-ſubduing death.
He rules the vpper region, purging fire
Which ſearcheth hell, and doth to heauen aſpire.
This, this alone it was which I obay'd
When that ſtrong law vnto my neaſt you layd.

Draco maximus eſt cunctorũ ſerpentium à ſpeluncis abſtractus fertur in aërem.

But

But you that ſprightly power by intruſion
Falſely vſurpt to my deuout confuſion.
Fire onely to the *Dragon* doth belong;
To him, and vnto me, you haue done wrong.
To him I doe appeale; and haue reſort
In this great cauſe to his infallible Court.
This ſpeech inflam'd their hearts with heat & ſcorne
To be confronted thus, thus ouerborne
By a baſe villaine who did proudly brag on
The free protection of their foe the *Dragon*.
So with a full reſolue, they all agree
Each for himſelfe and his reuenge to bee.
The *Lyon* takes, feet, head and throat away:
With thoſe he walk't and like an *Aſſe* did bray.
The *Eagle* ſeaſeth on his wings and taile,
With theſe he bird-like in the ayre did ſaile.
The *Whale* his body ſwallowes at a bit
Which he vſ'de fiſh-like, diu'd and ſwam with it.
Thus Traytor-like hee's quarterd out and carued;
Would land and water Pyrats were ſo ſerued.

Excitatur propter eum aër, & mare contra eius ventum cõtumeſcet. Iſid. lib: 12. Solum habet venenum in lingua & in felle. Plin.

Epimythium.

The water Pyrat euery one doth know
They rob our Marchants, and allegeance owe
To no command, duty to none will giue,
But outlawes, like the ſea wherein they liue.
Our Pyrats on the land haue ſundry kinds,
And ſundry obiects. Our goods, bodies, minds.
Law-ſtate-Church Pyrats, when no Church, ſtate, law.
Can their irregular liues to faſhion draw.

The

The firſt pretending gouernment of all, 1
And freeing ſuch as into danger fall;
Doe kill in curing, and oppreſſe with eaſing
Both the delinquent, and the free diſpleaſing.
The ſecond guard our land from forraigne force, 2
Whilſt they themſelues (perhaps) afflict vs worce.
Strangers may not deuoure vs, yet we are
By peace eat vp, more then we wont by warre.
The third are of two kinds; our owne and others, 3
Who not in doctrine, but in fact are brothers.
Our own feed few (for the dumb dog ſtill lurches) 1
They'le not teach one, but ſwallow many Churches.
They vnto ignorance our ſoules betray,
And to ſeducing deuills giue ſilent way.
The other knowes no king, but knowes their ſub- 2
iects,
And faines to reconcile, but make them abiects.
No place is priuileg'd, no law, no Nation.
For all the world his pariſh is and ſtation.
Rome giues him licence, and although he ſwim
In the whole ſea, there is no roome for him.
He cries where ſ'ere he comes; Al's mine, giue room;
And if he be oppoſ'de a fatall doom
Becomes his vſher. Kings muſt kiſſe his foot,
If curſes, piſtolds, poyſon, hell can doo't
But if nor theſe, nor hell, then *Faux* more skilfull
Will charme the open earde, blow vp the wilfull.
Theſe *Cormorants* my bleare-eyde Muſe hath ſpide.
But there are many *Cormorants* beſide.

If any Man ſeeke a true body for this ſhadow, let him read *Commines* his fourth booke; where he ſhall ſee *Lewis* of *Luxenburgh* Earle of St Paul & Conſtable of

of France, playing the right part of *Onocrotalus* with *Lewis* the XI. King of France (ſhadowed by the *Eagle*, becauſe he ouer-ſored the other Princes in wiſedome and policie, and becauſe that kingdome hath been honored with the Emperiall crowne and armes) As alſo with the King of England *Edward* the fourth ſhadowed by the *Lyon* (both in regard the *Lyon* is part of the Armes of England, and for that the ſaid King was a moſt valiant Prince, hauing been perſonally preſent in nine ſet battailes, and remayning Conqueror in all.) And laſtly with *Charles* Duke of Burgundie, ſhadowed by the *Whale* (both in regard he was ſtrong by Sea, as alſo for that he was terrible and cumberſom to all his neighbour Princes.) If any ſeeke farther they ſeeke without mee, and muſt be their owne guides.

The ASSE.

The ASSE.

DEDICATED
TO THE LEARNED
and iudicious KNIGHT
Sr HAMOND LE-STRANGE.

SOme beasts are ominous, some birds are so,
But Massolanus *and your selfe say no.*
Hee slew the Augurs bird; My silly Asse
May to a wise man without perill passe.

Pol. Virg. lib. 1. c. 19. de inuent. rer.

ALthough in *Italy*, in *France*, and *Spaine*,
And all those hotter *Regions*, there remaine
Great store of *Asses*; and with vs but few,
Saue some that our late Trauellers do shew.
And though the Pope, and Romane Clergie ride
In very lowly, patient, humble pride
Vpon these beasts, or on their bastards rather,
As fits each single, simple, holy father.

Asinus est animal maximè frigoris impatiens. Plin. lib. 8. cap. 4.

I would not haue you thinke my meaning ſuch
A beaſt of theirs or of our owne to touch.
The *Aſſe* I talke of, bred in *Theſſaly*
Came to a country man, a neighbour by
And made great mone, that euery ſauage beaſt
In woods and fields, the greateſt and the leaſt
Miſuſ'de him, wrongde him, made it all their ſport
To trouble him, who had no remedy for't.
The Man ſeemde pittifull, enclinde to good,
And gaue the *Aſſe* aduice to leaue the wood,
To dwell with him who able was and ſtrong,
His weake Retainers to protect from wrong.
True (quoth the *Aſſe*) your wit, your ſtrength I know,
But how can I deſerue the grace and ſhow?
What benefit or pleaſure whilſt I liue
Can I doe you, who muſt my liuelyhood giue?
Quoth Man, for my protection, and my meat
You ſhall afford me but your dung and ſweat,
Thoſe excrements t'inrich and luſt my ground,
That it with corne and vintage may abound.
And when I chance to trauell farre and nye,
You like a friend, ſhall beare me company.
The *Aſſe* was glad the couenants were ſo good,
And ſtraight agrees, nor long conſulting ſtood.
The articles were drawne, read openly,
Seaked and deliuered interchangeably.
And home they goe, and long togither dweſt
Without repentance; neither greeuance felt.
But Man in innocence remain'd not long,
And ſince is apt to doe all innocence wrong.
Sure here it fell ſo. The craftie Man
Who ſay and vnſay, lye, and cauill can,

Went

Went to the *Asse*, and (all inrag'd) demands
Why all that while he had not dung'd his lands?
Sir (quoth the *Asse*) such compasse as I yield
I haue with daily care laid in your field.
True (quoth the Man) but that will not suffice
To dung my ground, that plenty may arise;
Yet so you vndertooke. Then out of hand
See you prouide enough to serue my land.
And yeeld what you keepe backe good store of sweat
Or Ile giue store of blowes, but not of meat.
The *Asse* finds he is wrong'd, but sees not how
To right himselfe; weake men to stronger bow.
He does what Man commands, and rather more
Till Man grows rich, and so growes proud, with store.
Then Man must trauaile, must his kinsfolks see
And other countries how they fashion'd be.
The *Asse* must goe with him, so 'twas agreed
To beare him company. Well mote they speed.
The Man a saddle sets vpon his backe,
A halter on his head, which wit doth lacke.
What meane you Master (quoth the simple *Asse*)
These will but make me weary as I passe?
Foole (quoth the Man) thinke you ile haue my Page,
Not suited to the fashions of this age?
I should be sham'd to see you neere me stand,
Without a cloake, and bout your neck a band.
Proud was the silly *Asse*, to heare he stood
So high in fauour, and doth onward skud
With willing pace, not like a sleepy snaile,
But tossing of his eares, wincing his taile.
Long trauailde they, till to a brooke they came,
Wherein a many siluer fishes swam.

Tria verò cùm sint o-pus, cibus, & castigatio. &c. Arist. Oeconomic lib. cap. 5.

A bridge was neere, but Man withheld his eye,
And would not ſee the bridge, ſome reaſon why.
The *Aſſe* went through the water: quoth he then,
All beaſts are happier far then Men.
You are by nature ſafely cloth'd, and armde,
Gainſt cold, heat, drought, and wet; we eaſly harmde
With any ſmall annoyance. You are free,
And gainſt all theſe extreames muſt patient be.
The *Aſſe* being prais'd, vpon no ground ſtood ſtill,
But muſt turne backe againe to ſhew his skill.
To boaſt his valour, let his Maſter know
All his good parts, and ſeruices arow.
Now ſir, quoth he, you on my backe I'le beare,
Safe o're this water. Get vp, nothing feare.
The Man leapt lightly vp. Diſsimulation
" Doth neither ſtirrup need, nor great perſwaſion.
The *Aſſe* doth quickly paſſe the Riuer. Than
He ſtayes, and prayes him light. No, (ſayth the Man)
Proceed vpon your iourney you can beare,
I dare not light, to fall I ſtand in feare.
Fle kneele then (quoth the *Aſſe*) and downe he kneels,
The Man ſtraight raiſde him with his whip and heels.
O Maſter (quoth the *Aſſe*) you promiſde meat,
Your couenant giues no liberty to beat.
Foole (quoth the Man) the word expreſly meant
Wages for worke, implies a puniſhment
For ſluggiſhneſſe and ſloth; Make haſte away,
Our buſineſſe and the time permits no ſtay.
So on they goe, till th' *Aſſe* now almoſt tyred,
Askt pitty of the Man, and eaſe deſired,
That he would daigne a little while to light.
The Man denide it, and then laught out-right.

And

And doubled blowes with whip, with heele, & ſtaffe.
O tyrant (quoth the *Aſſe*) doſt fight and laugh?
Are theſe th'effects of promiſes and words?
Is this the peace your law, bond, faith, affords?
Keep you your couenants thus? O man thinke how
You make vs traytors, when you breake your vow.
Why (quoth the Man) my couenants are vnbroke,
I haue performde whatſoe I wrote or ſpoke.
I giue you meat, my meaning likewiſe was,
To giue you blowes, if that you plaide the *Aſſe*,
I was to haue your excrements and ſweat,
I cannot haue thoſe but by worke and heat.
Therefore I ride you. You were to attend
In all my iourneyes on me like a friend.
And what is liker to a friend I pray,
Then a mans drudge, that toyles both night and day?
That carries him through thike and thin with paine,
And a ſure ſtudd for all turnes doth remaine?
O (quoth the *Aſſe*) the world was neuer good,
Since othes on mentall reſeruation ſtood.
I only was to beare you company,
True (quoth the Man) to beare, thar's carry me.
O damn'd equiuocation, who at firſt,
(Quoth the poore *Aſſe*) this double doctrine nurſt?
No Merchant, Tradeſman, Lawyer, nor Diuine,
Though much fro truth they warp, fro grace decline,
Could be the authors of this ample euill,
But truths profeſſed foe, that ingling deuill.
That Deuill who taught it firſt, and practiz'd too,
In paradiſe, vnto our generall woe,
That Deuill which doth renue in euery age,
By this alone his kingdome and image.

Verberãs. abſque ira peior eſt verberãte cum ira. Com. in Ariſt: l. 6. Metaph.

You ſhall be as Gods knowing good and euill.

For without this his kingdome would decay,
And without this his image weare away.
This onely murthers truth, oppoſeth faith,
Deceiuing, whether true or falſe it ſaith.
If true we dare not truſt it fearing ill,
If falſe, like truth it looks, and tempt vs will.
Quoth Man, thou preacheſt well; & well mightſt paſſe
Couldſt thou ſpeake Latin too, to ſay a Maſſe.
Thy folly was in fault raſhly to draw,
Thy articles without aduice at law.
That is a common caſe. There wanted ſtops, pricks, letters, here and there,
And by your leaue ſome words the truth to cleere.
Nay quoth the *Aſſe*, had euery word, ſtop, letter,
Been left vnwritten my eſtate were better.
This is the plague, when power expoundeth lawes
Not as the truth requires, but as the cauſe.
When euery letter may an error breed,
To helpe the rich, and begger ſuch as need.
When tyrants do capitulate and treat
Not to conclude, but to deceiue and cheat.
When your falſe minds are candi'de ore with words
As your gay ſheathes conceale your bloody ſwords.
Now (quoth the Man) I thinke that *Balaams* Aſſe,
Or golden *Apuly's*, thy Tutor was.
Thou art ſo eloquent, ſo learned, witty,
As if thou hadſt been taught in *Athens* Citty.
In *Athens*? (quoth the *Aſſe*) now I eſpie,
You ſpeake no truth, but when yee thinke to lie.
I was a Cockny once, of noble blood,
Trainde vp in *Athens* Court, and in the flood
of pleaſure, bathde my youth, (but not in Art,)
Which cauſde this transformation, teares, and ſmart.

Yet

Yet went our Maſter, and was well allowde.
(With many of my kin) in that thicke crowde,
When *Philip* did ſo learnedly diſpute,
And made *Demoſthenes* with wonder mute,
I was in fauour then, and then did paſſe,
For braue and wiſe, though now I be an *Aſſe*,
For no Man ought to iudge by forme, or face,
By fauour, or imployment, or by place,
Which are the wiſe and fooliſh. Dunces oft
Paſſe by great Doctors. Baboones leap aloft.
And they may proue like me, (liue to be ſwitcht,)
If they my fortune meet, to be bewitcht.
How I bewitched was, you now ſhall heare,
There is no true accompliſht Caualere,
That hath not trauailde. And ther's few of theſe,
Which ſcape bewitching, paſsing ouer Seas.
When I firſt trauail'd, my braue Spirit did moue,
T'attempt great Ladies and to purchace loue.
I purcha'ſt loue ſo long, till all I had,
Was purcha'ſt from me, and my ſelfe full glad,
To leaue both Court and Citie, and to try,
A better Country fortune to eſpie.
With much much toyle, and many courtly ſhifts,
At length I did arriue mongſt craggy clifts,
And barraine rocks, t'a ſmoaky houſe which ſtood
Alone, beſides a fearefull deſart wood.
There with a wither'd witch I long time ſtaid,
A Bel dame that had been *Medeaes* maid.
She turn'd me to an *Aſſe* that very day;
Th'Odcombian wit, did odly ſcape away,
He may his good ſhooes praiſe, pray for his heeles,
By thoſe he ſcap't. And yet I feare he feeles.

His braine was turning, if he euer paſſe
That way againe, he will turne perfect *Aſſe*.
And ſo will many more as well as I,
Except they ſtop their eares, as they paſſe by.
Now (quoth the Man) this is a pretty fable,
Fitting the end, ſo neere vnto the ſtable.
Ile now alight, we two are perfect friends,
My iourney and thy tale together ends.
So they went in to reſt, but euer ſince,
The Man mounts on the *Aſſe*, although he wince.
There is no remedy, he muſt obay,
That's ſadled, bridell'd, and bound euery way.
He might haue look'd before he made his match:
Now ti's too late, when time is paſt to watch.
Yet euer ſince he letters hates and learning,
When ther's no fault in them, but his diſcerning.
He ſhunneth water too, all that he can,
The cauſe which made him firſt a ſlaue to Man.

Aquas tranſire & pedes an eis ingere multum horret. Arist. 5. de Animal.

Epimythium.

We muſt learne from hence theſe leſſons:

Eccleſ. 8. 13. 1. Firſt to beware with whom wee deale: for if hee be ſtronger either in perſon, or by friends, wee ſhall become his prey: if hee be richer, his gold will weigh downe our ſiluer: if he be more eloquent, his lies will be beleeued before our truths: if he be the Iudge, he will giue ſentence according to his honour,

or

or at leaſt according to his owne profit. This is ſeene by generall experience, and eſpecially in that man of ſinne, who pretends to be Iudge of all controuerſies, and expounder of all doubts; determines the darkeſt things to be cleere in his owne behalfe; and the moſt cleere and pregnant proofes brought againſt him, to be darke and obſcure.

2. Secondly, we muſt beware of whom wee take counſell; they may be our enemies to morrow, that are our friends to day; we often ſhew our euidences to ſuch, who for a larger fee giuen by our aduerſaries, know how to betray vs, and open a gap for the ouerthrow of our cauſe.

3. Thirdly, to whom we flee for protection from wrongs, leſt ſhunning the *Buzzard*, wee become a prey of the *Sparhauke*. Many poore men are ſwallowed in this pit-fall: we make lawes to tye our owne wings. So much of euery act is taken as will ſerue for lime-twigs to take vs; the reſt which ſhould reforme, lies vſe leſſe. We receiue ſtrength into a towne, which beeing once in poſſeſsion, hold for themſelues, and plague vs worſe then the enemies would haue done. So the *Brittaines* (our fellowes) call'd in the *Saxons* (our fathers) and all hiſtories are full of like examples. *Weſel* might the laſt yeere haue looked into this glaſſe, now it is too late. The hand which holdes it, hath practiſed the Falconers firſt prouerbe in many places before. It knowes how to holde faſt: and knowes no other honour, but profit. But *Callis* was wiſer, who would rather yeeld it ſelfe to the *Archduke*, then

then expect profferd deliuerance by vs. The *French* durst not let vs haue footing againe in *France*, we had taught them too well before how hardly wee are intreated to let goe our hold in so good a Countrey. Let this then teach vs to beware.

4. Fourthly, let vs take heede to whom wee giue, and what we giue. A talent is too much for a *Cynicke* to receiue; a groat too little for a King to giue: discretion must guide liberalitie. Many bounties haue miscarried, and beene lost, vndoing both the giuer and receiuer, whil'st they were not proportioned according to the worth and respect of both parties. Our age may looke in this glasse. Who giues some the first peny, giues him earnest mony to begge still, encouraging rather then releeuing. Giue such the whip. We often giue presents to our betters, and they expect the custome still: power demands that of duty, which was first granted by way of beneuolence.

Lastly, let vs beware what we receiue from others, and what we put on. It may be a saddle, which wee thinke an ornament, and a bridle which we thinke a grace. Diuers forraigne ouertures shew this, and at home the inuestitures of *Ireland*, made by the *Pope* to *Henry* the second, whereby that Sea challengeth right in *Ireland*. All other titles and prerogatiues which come from thence, are of this nature, and were sent to this end, to be witnesses of their interest. Doubtlesse the Diuell pretends thus to bee author of our knowledge; and saith but for him we had neuer known good and euill asunder. Our lawes and priuiledges written in the *Normane* tongue are euidences to proone our subiection to *William* of *Normandy*; as

Camden. Hist. Antiq. Irel.

Gen. 3. 5.

the

the vniuerſall ſpeech of the Latine proued the worlds ſlauery to *Rome*, though none were thought free men, and braue fellowes, but ſuch ſlaues as ſpake that tongue; the reſt *Barbarians*. Merchants will truſt vs to draw vs into their bookes; they bridle and ſaddle vs with gay clothes, (like foot-clothes to *Aſſes*;) then they girt vs vp ſure, and mount our backs, whil'ſt we can walke free in no ground, not in the ſtreetes. Our ſtable is the Counter, where we are made right *Aſſes*: Hither many Courtly Gallants make haſt to come, and to ſtand at liuery in the

HOLE.

CVRIALE.

CVRIALE.

DEDICATED TO the good acceptance of *Maſter* FFLOYDE, *Admirall* to the *Queenes Maieſtie*, and of her Councell.

THe Court from flies and fleas you cannot free,
Whilſt ſuch ſweet meates, good fires, ſoft beds there be:
Yet guard your eies and eares well, for we know,
Princes both heare and ſee by ſuch as you.

THe *Flie* and *Flea* hauing in Court got place,
Saw all ſuch Courtiers as were chiefe in grace.
Still preſent with the King; how in his eare
For being buſie, ſome rewarded were:
Others they ſaw get wealth with ſtanding nie;
But none did thriue that were not in his Eye.
They thought ſince theſe alone grew rich and braue,
They would as nimbly too themſelues behaue.

That

That they were blacke could be no hindrance thought,
For many blacke gownes there preferment ſought.
But their ambition reacht t'ingroſſe all grace,
And ſhoulder others from ſo wiſht a place.
And thus reſolu'd, the *Flea* leapes vp aloft,
And in the Kings eare falls with footing ſoft.
The fooliſh *Flie* did mount with ſpeedy wing
Betwixt the Eye-lids of th'amazed King;
Who with his nimble hand did apprehend
The ruſticke Courtiers, and their hopes ſoon end.
Quoth he, Ye ſaucy Traytors, Dare ye thus
Preſume our preſence neuer cald by vs?
Or being come, Is there no other place
In all our Court to pleaſe you, but our face?
And in our face no roome can you eſpie,
But our reſerued eare? our tender eye?
In all my kingdomes you might freely range,
And varied pleaſures euery minute change
Without my perturbation: only heere
Your boldneſſe you ſhall both with life buy deere.
And though the *Eagle* takes no *Fleas* nor *Flyes*
Yet for preſumption both by th'*Eagle* dyes.

Epimythium.

THis tells inferiours that they muſt not aſpire too high, nor preſume too farre. All perſons are not fit for all places: fooles miſtake, and ouer doe; wiſemen warme themſelues at the fire, where children burne their fingers: many ſeeking to be in grace, diſgrace themſelues. None was thought fitter to bee Emperour then *Galba*, till being made Emperour he

Principatus virum oſtendit. Ariſt. l. 5. Metaphyſ. Tacit. Hiſt lib. 1. cap. 7

he prooued himselfe vnfit. Our age hath seene many of these *Babels*, whose ruines seeme greater farre off then at hand. In a darke night each *Meteor*, each *Ignis fatuus* seemes a Sunne; but in the day, comming neere the Sunne, they cannot bee seene. There bee many of these, who if they had not attained preferment, would haue thought themselues wronged, and the world would haue thought them vnfortunate; as if enuy had croſt honour from beholding them with equiualence: when now hauing attained what their ambitions desired, they see their owne insufficiencies, and the world iudging them vnworthy of such eminence, say they serue for nothing but to keepe out better Men. Their high flight rather helpt by the winds strength, (by fauour and grace) then by their owne wings (vertue and true worth,) serues onely to shew the world its owne blindnesse, and their weakenesse; for being aloft in the top and pride of their pitch, they make many plaines, and dare not come freely at all occasions; but they soone stoop to the lure or the dead quarry, hauing good stomackes, but bad hearts; what they speake, what they doe, is not out of their owne strength and sufficiency, but from others direction. They are French souldiers and Statesmen; their horses, their seruants must be knighted, for these did the seruice; It was not the Rider, his care was only to keepe the saddle warme and to sit sure.

Againe, it tells Superiours that the poorest and most despised creatures may annoy them. Lice presume into *Pharaohs* bed-chamber, in spite of the Guard, the Vshers, the Pensioners, the Squires of the body,

Exod. 8. 17.

body, the Gentlemen, and the Groomes; where none durſt come before but Minions and Fauorits. Wormes crauſe into *Herods* wombe, euen then when his flatterers and all the people crie out, *vox Dei & non hominis*. Hee ſpake well but he did nothing: hee vſed eloquence and learning to his owne glory not to Gods: God therefore ſhew'd him that he was a worme and no man, who a little before did both in place and voice ſhew himſelfe like a god. A flie skips into Pope *Alexanders* cup and into his throat and kils him, who a little before chalenged to haue the keyes of life and death in his hands, and with his cup of abominations poyſoned not only the poore flies (the ſubiects) but the *Eagles* (the kings) of the earth. Deſpiſe not therefore litle ones. Remember how *Siſera* and *Abimelech* fell by the hand of women. And *Sigebert* king of the Weſt-ſaxons was ſlayne by a ſwine-heard of *Combranus*, euen in that place where *Sigebert* had ſlayne *Combranus* before, for the good and wholſome counſell he gaue the vnthankfull King.

Act. 12. 23.

Pſal. 82. 6.

Reu. 17. 2.

Iudg. cap. 4. & 7. cap. 9.

53.

Grafton.

SOLA.

SOLARIUM.

DEDICATED

To the abſolute and open ene-*mies of Ignorance and Darkneſſe,* and the true Louers and Followers of Light and Knowledge, Sr IOHN CROFTS, and his happy LADY.

THe Clock that chimde your praiſe, went right, for ſtill
The Diall rulde his tongue, the Sunne his Will.
And as theſe led him right, you follow may,
To heauenly glory, through the Milk-white-way.

IN ſome part of the World, I know not where,
But ſure *Sr Thomas Mandeuile* was there,
Betwixt a Clocke and a Sunne-dyall fell
A difference which I with ſorrow tell.
With ſorrow, for this error calls to minde
Th'vncertainty, which we in Story finde;

Where

Where computations crosse, and make vs doubt
Of what we all seeke, cannot one finde out.
How to agree, and reconcile th'obscure,
The fabulous, and certaine *Age* of oure.
The Age obscure, is that before the Floud:
The Fabulous, on fained Wonders stood.
The race of gods, on golden Legends told,
Where for sad truths, mad fictions were enrold.
This latter age more plaine and cleere, we call
The certaine Age, or th'Age *Historicall.*
Yet houres, and dayes, and yeeres haue sure been lost
In some of these, which our accounts haue crost.
And so they easily might, when from the Sunne
To lying Clocks for our accounts we runne.
This tale makes all apparant, or at least,
Makes probable, what some haue thought a iest.
Within a Churchyard once a Dyall stood
Vpon a square hewne Marble, which the Flood
In vaine with enuious waues had often sought
To spoile, when it the whole world vnder brought.
But *Seth's* wise sonnes had fastned it so sure,
It could all stormes, and stresse of times endure.
And thereon they had caru'd the Art, and lore
They learned of their Grandsire long before.
Vpon a *Church* or steeples side neere hand
A goodly Clocke of curious worke did stand;
Which ouer payde with lead or out of frame,
Did time miscall, and euery houre misname.
The *Dyall* hearing this, aloude gan crye
Kinde neighbour *Clocke* your glib tongue tells a lye.
Reforme your error, for my *Gnomon* sayth
You gad too fast, and misse an houres faith.

Cambden in his Brit. Alluding to the ages of the Church.
1. The Primitiue, by reason of outward persecution, being obscure.
2. The second vnder the Spirituall persecution of Antichrist, being fabulous.
3. The third being our Age, where Controuersies are tried by the cleare Sun-shine of Gods Word, and so certaine and Historicall.
Pol. Virg. Rer. Inuen. Cap. 14. lib. 1.

Foole (quoth the Clocke) reforme thy ſelfe by me,
The fault may rather in thy *Gnomon* be.
Had'ſt thou tould euer truth, to what end then
Was I plac'de here, by th'art of cunning Men?
The weather Cocke vpon the ſteeple ſtanding
And with his ſharpe eye all about commanding,
Heard their contention, wil'd them to appeale
To him the Chiefe of all that Commonweale.
Told them that he was ſet to *Ouerſee*
And to appeaſe, to guide and to agree
All diff'rence in that place; and whatſoe're
He ſetteth downe from *Iuſtice* cannot erre.
For from the winde he information takes
Which ſearcheth through the world, & ſwiftly makes
A true ſuruay of euery proofe and cauſe,
And doth of *Reaſon* know the ground, and lawes.
He bids them boldly ſpeake, and bring their pleas,
And hee'le define th'infallible truth with eaſe.
The *Dial* then beginnes. The globe-like world
From Center to Circumference being whorl'd
In neuer-reſting motion, maketh time
In ſundry reuolutions fall and clime.
This Time the meaſure of all mutable things
Comes with lead-heeles, flies hence with fiery wings,
Sleepes with two eyes, hath two eyes euer waking,
Twixt minuts, hours, daies, nights, diſtinction making
And though the difference and degrees of change;
In ſeuerall yeares, be wonderfull and ſtrange;
Some by the Moone, ſome reckoning by the Sunne,
And ſome the great yeare, when th'heauens hauing run
Their compleat courſe, doe to that point arriue
Whence the firſt mouer, them did motion giue;

Motus præcedit tempus naturaliter, & Tempus conſequitur motum. Ariſt. Phiſic. lib. 4.

Cauſatur autem motus primo & principaliter à circumuolutione Cœli. Ariſt.

Motus eſt tranſitus à termino ad terminum. Tempus eſt rerum mutabilium menſura. Ariſt.

Yet

Yet the moſt generall certaine count of all
Is meaſur'd by the Sunne, whoſe riſe and fall
Makes day, and night, and noone, and midnight too,
Spring, Summer, Winter, Autumne, and the two
Solſticiums, *Equinoctials*, and the houres
Now naked, and then deck't in gaudy flowers.
This *Adam* to his *Grandſons* hauing told,
With other Arts, and wonders manifold,
How all the world both fire and flood ſhould try;
They plac'd me here, to tell poſterity
Such hidden myſteries; And to direct
The wiſer *Soules* deep-diuing intellect.
About me they haue graued ſeauen liberall Arts,
The *Sciences*, with their diuiner parts,
A circle and a *Gnomon*, ſet aboue
With Characters; which as the Sunne doth moue
In his aſcent, or low declenſion, tells
The certaine houre, degree, and all things elſe.
But for my ſpeech was ſlowe, and cauſe the Sunne
Did often vnder clouds for pleaſure runne,
Succeeding ages did this *Clocke* out finde
T'attend on me, and to declare my minde,
From me intelligence and rules to gather
To meaſure night, cloſe ſtormes, and cloudy weather:
And in the Morne, finding his reckoning wrong,
By my ſtraight rule, to tune and ſet his ſong.
But this forgetfull *Clocke* at randome ſtrikes,
Not as I bid, but fondly what it likes:
Robs ſhort-liu'de Man of his moſt precious time,
And orderleſſe, doth others orders chime.
It will not follow me, but wanting wit,
Would haue the *Sunne* and *Me* to waite on it.

Vigilat tempus cum dormire videtur. Dumque vigilat ſimul dormire Idemque cum ſiſtit. volat; & cum volat, conſiſtit. Vince Chartarius. Sunt annorum diuerſa genera.
1. Annus Lunaris.
2. Annus Solaris.
3. Annus Magnus.

Perſecutions are like clouds & ſtormes, which benight the Goſpel. The Morning is deliuerance from error.

and darkenesse by the Gospel; which obtaines free passage, and cleares and reformes the abuses of superstitious times.

This matter so apparant, though I might
Wild *Weather-Cocke*, except against your right
To iudge, and thinke you partiall at the least,
Since you o're-cloude me when the Sun comes West,
And will take part with it, that's in the name,
In nature, and in sight, almost the same
With you; yet know I'le not refuse
Thy censure, but high place with honour vse.
Thus did the *Dyal* ende, and then the *Clocke*
Low-louting to the prowder Weather-*Cocke*,
began his plea. Thou mighty Soueraigne
Which doest the vniuersall Iudge remaine
In all those places, where thy pearcing eye
Can see, or my shrill voice be heard to crye.
Behold this impudent, poore, neglected post
How it gainst me, and gainst thy state doth boast
Embasing thy great worth, neglecting mine;
As if the glorious Sunne did neuer shine,
Nor his sweet influence on vs let fall,
But that the *Dial* had ingrost vp all.
When all the world knowes Thou wer't placed there
The sleepy *Hinde* vp to his worke to reare,
To call the *Scholer* to his booke, and wake
The *Theefe* which at thy shrill voice gins to shake.
Thou art the cheerefull dayes *Embassader*,
In whose praise once these lines composed were.

A crowned King, a compleat Knight,
An armed Captaine, fit to fight,
A plumed Courtier, fairely clad,
A louer that was neuer sad.
A Trumpeter, the house-wifes Mate,
Who riseth early, sleepeth late,

Pausanias scribit Græcos gallum generatos esse, vt Apollini sacrum; Is enim cantu mane solis aduentum annunciat. Vin. Chart.

A

A Queriſter, the poore mans Clocke,
All this is our great Weather Cocke.

This ſacred *Antheme* all the world doth ſing
To thee the Suns bird, who doth tidings bring,
Of his approch and riſing: as for me
I heere was ſeated, next thee in degree
To giue thee eaſe, to tell the wondring people
What thou diſcouer'ſt from that loftie ſteeple,
The whil'ſt thou keep'ſt thy voice from *Iubiles*,
And art for ſilence honour'd with large fees.
The *Dial* is my ward, firſt placed there
That Common *Perſons*, who preſume not neere
Thy hallow'd throne, may haue intelligence
And learne from me the cloſe and hidden ſence
Of all thoſe Characters, and not expound
As liſt themſelues darke riddles, ſo profound:
Nor contradict, nor yet correct by force,
According to the *Gnomon*, my true courſe;
But the falſe Gnomon rather to correct
By my aduice, whoſe way is ſtill direct.
Who knowes not, that the Sun in his round race,
Many degrees is gone from his firſt place;
And like a drunkard reeling to and fro,
With giddy ſteps doth ſhift his circle ſo,
That where he was euen now, he comes no more,
His courſe is all confuſde, behin's before?
Needs muſt the *Dial* then deceiued be,
Which truſts a Guide that doth ſo diſagree
Within it ſelfe, and without iudgement ſhines
Alike on all, making of fooles Diuines,
And teaching Fiſhermen to ſee as farre,
As learned Shepheards, without other ſtarre.

Too common in this Guide, to Guide aright;
Or if he could, where is the Guide for night?
I then am present still at euery neede
Poore erring man, in ignorant night to leede.
Then why should this bold *Dial*, dare to speake
Against my greatnesse, or the orders breake
Of custome and consent? since all make choice
To feede, fast, pray, or play, led by my voice?
And that all bargaines made, all wagers laide,
Not by the *Dial* but the *Clocke* are paide?
Which truth, whilst all the world dare neuer doubt,
This *Dial* seemes to question and (growne stout)
Excepts against thy iudgement too, that thus
He might be free and seeme to gouerne vs.
But since our causes are so neere of kinne,
Let that respect some grace and fauour winne
With thy high Holinesse, that thou maist see
To giue iust sentence for your selfe and me.
The weather-Cocke thrice turn'd himselfe about,
As taking care to winde the matter out;
And thrice returnd, as if he were as free
From preiudice, as from integritie.
Then thrice he claps his wings (which corage showes)
And thrice aloude his sensiesse sentence crowes.
To giue a reason, wherefore, how, and what,
When, where, by whom, or fondly this or that,
Might argue reference to higher power;
But what is he whose place doth equall our?
We are the rule of reason, truths cleare law.
Heare then with reuerence, and obay with awe.
Without more question, argument, or trill,
The iudgement I pronounce against the *Dial*.

The *Dial* ſhall be guided by the *Clock*.
This is the ſentence of the weather-*Cock*.
Which when the *Clock* had heard, (puſt vp with pride)
He ginnes the wronged *Dial* to deride;
And ſets his tongue at large, too much, too ſoone;
Twelu times he fetch'd his breath, & laugh'd out none.
The *Dial* then with indignation moued
By this inuectiue ſpeech their fault reproued.
Poore ſilly *Clock* (quoth he) reioyce thy fill,
Time will reforme thy ignorant zeale with skill,
Stay thy diſtempered courſe, which hurried now,
By mad-braind humor, goes it knowes not how.
Time that's my pupill, ſhall thy Tutor be,
And teach a difference twixt thy ſelfe and me
Then thou wilt know thy error, and recant
That euer thou wert proud of ſo much want.
But as for thee (thou iudge corrupt and baſe,
Who bindſt all knowledge Prentiſe to thy place)
Know this, th'all-ſeeing Sunne thy folly knowes,
And to each vulgar eye thy ſhaddow ſhowes
That they may plainly ſee how poore thou art
Thy head deform'd, defectiue euery part.
And that thoſe high prerogatiues of ſtate
You challenge proper to your ſelfe; are late
Vpſtart intruſions, vſurpations new
Forg'd by the force or flattery of ſome few.
The promiſe which you boaſt, to haue the winde
Blow where you liſt, and alter when you minde,
Is falſe, and fooliſh; but 'twas promiſde ſtill
To blow and guide you right, if that you will.
And ſo it doth, ſo it doth others too,
If they conſent, not whether they will or no.

For when they would the point and quarter know
Where it doth breath, on me they looke; I show
The truth to them and thee, if you looke right,
If not, you erre misled by your owne sight.
But how can'st thou others from error keepe
When as thy selfe foulded in error deepe,
Shun'st reformation, and wilt neither mind,
My graue directions, nor the powerfull wind?
I can remember, long before thou Wert
When wise *Alcedo* stood where as thou art.
He calm'd all stormes, and pacified the wind,
To patient sufferance, bent his humble minde.
He to the fisher, and the *Seaman* gaue
Directions, how their storme-tost *barke* to saue.
When by the *Lee-shore*, when to lanch the *Maine*,
And when to lie at *Hull*, when to remaine
In harbour Anchor-fast, and when to saile
With a full winde, and when againe to vaile,
How, where and when, to cast ther nets, and lay
Their hidden hookes, where all the skull do play.
Some of each kinde, yet at each corner stand,
Who still loue truth, in spite of thy command:
Their heads look south, because the winde blows there,
Thy taile stands south, thy head the winde doth feare.
Ill might he fare that in *Alcedos* place,
Set thee, who springest from a bloudy race.
His error, and thy pedigree behould
As it in ancient story is inrould.

Phocas. A trayt'rous *Slaue*, his *Master* hauing slaine
Did sole Commander of the world remaine.
Luk. 22. 60 But whilst he slept; a chickin of that *Cocke*
Which *Cephas* check't when he denyde the rocke,

And

And forc't him to repent, to ſigh, and weep,
Did with his voyce the murtherer wake from ſleep,
And would not ſuffer him to reſt in ſin,
But he would rouſe his conſcience ſtill within.
This *Murtherer*, a Cocke of kind did get,
And him to kill this kinder Cocke did ſet,
Who ſoone perform'd the taſke he tooke in hand:
For *Chauntecleer* would ſuffer, not withſtand.
He watchfull was and tended his vocation,
To ſtirre vp others to their occupation:
He loued the pearle more then the barley corne.
To crow, and not to quarrell he was borne.
So he was ſlaine, and ſlaine by one of thoſe
From whence thy proud ſucceſsion ſtrangely roſe
Who hight *Alectrion*, and while-ere had bin
The *Pander* vnto *Mars* and *Venus* ſin, Lucian.
And then (being Captaine of great *Mars* his guard,)
Stood *Sentinel*, and kept both watch and ward,
For feare that *Phœbus* all diſcouering eye,
Should them vnwares at their ſtolne pleaſure ſpie.
But ouert'ane with ſleep, he did not wake
Till *Vulcans* net did both the lechers take;
For which the angry *God* (inrag'd and mad)
His ſleeping ſouldier, all in feathers clad,
His ſword turn'd ſpurrs, himſelfe a *Cocke* of kinde,
His armes and body changde, but not his minde;
That's bloody ſtill, and too far prone to fight
Without reſpect of perſons, cauſe, or right.
Elſe would he ne're haue been ſo mad to kill,
A harmeles *Cocke*, who had no thought of ill.

But

Phocas hauing slaine Mauritius gaue the title of vniuersall Bishop to Bonifacee then Bishop of Rome.

But him he falsely slew, and hauing slaine
Did for this murther, of a mutherer gaine
Too great preferment, to be set vp heere
In tryumph, t'ouersee all far and neere:
To be ador'de with vniuersall praise
And triple crownd with *Olive*, *Oake*, and *Bayes*.
Him thou succeed'st both in thy minde and place.
An armed Champion, of that yron race,
A Souldier, none of his whose badge thou bear'st.
But rather one of his whose crowne thou wear'st.
Thy narrow heeles are sharpe, thy tongue is short;
To prey, and not to prayer fit t'exhort.
Thou wilt not crow to rouse the world from sleep,
But with thy silent charmes, it drunken keep.
When thou most seruant-like thy head dost beare
Downe to the ground, then *Cocks* their crownes may feare.
Thou seek'st a fained quarrell then to pick,
And wilt with both wings mount, with both heeles strick,
At euery feather come, stab either spur
Vp to the hilts; and furiously besturr
Thy ready parts, t'attaine thy bloudy end,
And all the world to thy owne scope to bend.
Thou trumpet'st warrs and curses ouer all,
And ouer-crowest, but wilt not crow to call
Thy selfe and others of thy ranke, and place,
From looking on the Earth, to view the face
Of the all-searching *Sunne*, and by his light
To measure truely what is wrong and right.
The *Cock* is killd that *Peter* cauſde to weep,
The *Petreau Pastor* now may safely sleep.

Omnia hæc tibi dabo. Matth. 4. 9.

Seruus Seruorum.

Culpas huius redarguere præsumit mortalium nullus.

Sleep

Sleepe though he hath denied his maſter too;
For none t'admoniſh him hath ought to doo.
Crauen awake, beholde how I deride
Thy mutabilitie, thy ſloth, thy pride.
Thou ſtand'ſt where hee ſtood who claim'd all the world,
And ſhalt with him from that ſteep height be hurld.
About thy head each prating bird that perks,
Dare take the name and place of learned *Clerks*,
And vnto royall Eagles offer lawes,
When each eye ſees, they are but iangling dawes.
And though all Lyons in the deſart feare,
And crouch, when they thy crowing voice do heare:
Our Lyon ſcornes thee, when he heares thee crow;
And with his roaring voyce the world doth ſhow,
How poore thou art, how cowardly, how weake,
Who ſhak'ſt & trēbleſt when thou heareſt him ſpeak.
And yet how proud art thou, t'vſurpe a place
Of iudgement ouer me, in this darke caſe,
And to prefer the *Clock* for want of wit,
When I ſhould be the iudge of thee and it?
The *Sexton* comes, hee'le mend all this anone.
With that the angry *Clock* in rage ſtrooke one.
The *Sexton* came indeed, and one did tell,
Look't on the *Dyall*, ſaw all was not well,
For that ſaid twelue, the *Clock* ſaid one and paſt.
He tooke the weights off, which cauſ'd too much haſt,
Suruaide the wheeles, for there the fault might be,
And found ſome cog ſupply the place of three.
Some wheeles were taken off, and borne to Court,
To trundle vp and downe, and there make ſport,
And ſome with duſt, and ruſt, were duld and foild,
And ſome ſtood vſeleſſe, ſo the *Clock* was ſpoild.

Diabolus ſtetit ſuper pinnas Templi. Matth. 4. 5.

Which

Which to reforme he mends the wheels forthwith,
Files, oyles, and beats them throughly on a ſtith:
Makes weights and wyere fit, then by the Sunne
Sets the new courſe, which it doth truly runne.
Then going vp the ſteeples top he ſpies
The weather-cocke how palpably it lies.
For at each Corner the Kings-fiſhers ſtood,
Full South; and that the *Dial* prooued good.
But the fond *Weather-cocke* (being weather-wiſe)
From the *Calme* blaſt turned his ſcornefull eyes.
The *Sexton* tooke him downe, and ſtraight did ſee
An eaſie way how he might mended be.
His head was too too great, with 3. combes crownde
Which euer when the wind blew turnd him round.
His taile was too too weake, when euery feather
Was bent with ſtorms, and broken with the weather.
The *Sexton* cut his crownes, and gaue more ſaile
With them and with the ſpurs vnto his tayle.
So humbled now in habite, looke and minde,
He waites with due obedience on the winde,
Knowes his high place was not to rule, but ſerue,
And means no more from this ſtrict courſe to ſwerue.

Epimythium. Principium plus eſt quam dimidium totius. Ariſt. l. 5. Pol.

This tale no morrall needs, it is not darke,
But points a worke fit for our learned *Clarke*
Who by the *Dyal* may reforme the *Clocke*,
And by kings fiſhers turne the *Weather-cocke*.
We haue the winde to helpe vs and the Sunne,
And works are halfe accompliſht when begun.
Then who le begin? who is on our ſide, who?
Where words, winde, writings faile, reſolue to *Doe*.

2. King. 9. 32.

I had

I had thought this Tale ſhould haue needed no other tongue then its owne to be rightly vnderſtood. But becauſe I ſee it too miſty for ſome apprehenſions, whoſe wills are as deſirous as others to know trueth, I haue added this by way of illuſtration to enlighten ſuch as accept well of my good meaning, which is to informe others according to that which I haue receiued, and to be reformed where I erre my ſelfe.

1. Firſt the teaching part of the militant Church, which conſiſts of the Clergie, I haue vayled vnder the *Clocke*. The wheeles are the diſtinct degrees and offices they enioy of ſuperioritie, and inferioritie; wherein the *Harmonie* of the whole conſiſteth. The weights are the priuiledges, immunities, prerogatiues, and donations of ſeuerall kinds, beſtowed vpon the Church in ſeuerall ages, by good Kings, liberall profeſſors and benefactors. The challenge the *Clocke* ſeemes to make heere to rule the *Dyal*, reſembleth the controuerſie the Church of *Rome* raiſeth in the *Catholicke* Church about the expoſition, the reſtrayning or publiſhing of the Scriptures.

2. The *Dyal* is the written word, which is of it ſelfe dead and vnprofitable, without farther illumination. Since none of the *Philoſophers*, nor *Salomon* himſelfe by the meere ſtrength of Nature, could from thence draw ſauing knowledge, without ſauing grace. But as the *Dyal* hath reference to the *Sunne*; ſo hath this to the *Sonne* of righteouſneſſe. Neither am I without warrant for vſing this bold Allegorie, ſince the ſweet *Singer* of *Iſrael* compares the ſame word to a lanterne, Pſal. 116. and the ſpirit to a light, when he ſayth elegantly, and v. 105. like a Diuine POET, *Thy word is a lanterne vnto my feet, and a light vnto my path.*

Now

Now as it is absurd that the *Dyal* should be set b
the vncertaine gadding of the *Clocke*: So is it mor
absurd that the *Clergie* should so iudge of the Scrip
tures, as to conclude or teach any thing by what pre
tence soeuer against it, or to vouch vnwritten veritie
(as some call them) or traditions contradictorie t
the written word. But much rather as the *Clock*
ought to be set by the *Dyal*; so ought the *Church* t
subiect it selfe to be directed by the Scriptures, an
to proue and examine it selfe by the same rule, whe
ther it be in the faith or no. And finding it selfe in th
right it ought by manifest proofes and argument
from thence to shew forth the same faith to others.

3. Thirdly, the *Weather-cocke* who interposet
himselfe as iudge in this controuersie betweene th
Dyal and the *Clocke*, is that *Pope* of *Rome*, who chal
lengeth the same prerogatiue *iure diuino*, ouer th
Church and Scriptures. How falsely he doth this, an
yet how impudently, is well knowne to all.

For I know not what the *Pope* hath more to do
with the rule of the *Catholique Church*, then the *Wea
ther-cocke* (because he stands vpon the top of the stee
ple) hath to doe with the gouernment of the *Clock*
and *Dyal*. I haue heard and read the reasons vpo
which the contrarie opinion is grounded, but for m
owne part can see no strength in them able to turn
any but *Weather-cocks*. The prioritie of place, th
whole *Church* perhaps would bee content to yeel
him for the generall peace, and to expresse the tru
humilitie of holy *Pastors*, who follow the exampl
and doctrine of their master *Christ*. But for hi
(that turnes and returnes as vncertainely with euer
bla

blaſt of humor or occaſion, as any *Weathercocke* at the change of the winde) to challenge not onely the immunitie from errors, and the infallibilitie of iudgement, but alſo to be *Chriſts Vicar Generall* vpon earth, *St. Peters Succeſſor*, the *Apoſtolicall Prince*, and *Vniuerſall Biſhop of the whole Church*, to haue all power in Heauen and on Earth, and all iuriſdiction both temporall and ſpirituall, impropriated to his *Chaire*, and annexed to his place, this ſeemes ſtrange; and they iuſtly deny it him, who are not giddy with ſtanding too neere him, or troubled with the ſame vertigo, by reaſon of the height of place, from whence they looke vpon the reſt of the poore afflicted and diſtreſſed flocke of Chriſt Ieſus. But for this proud challenge they know truly how to ſtyle him the great *Antichriſt*, and crowne him with this triple *Crowne*,

the *Man of ſinne*, the *Whore of Babylon*,
the *Vicar Generall of*
HELL.

CERTAINE

CERTAINE PIECES OF THIS AGE PARABOLIZD.

viz. *Duellum Britanicum.*
Regalis Juſtitia Iacobi.
Aquigniſpicium.
Antidotum Cecillianum.

By THOMAS SCOT
Gentleman.

Scire tuum nihil eſt.

LONDON

Printed for *Francis Conſtable*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the ſigne of the white *Lyon* in *Paules Church-yard.* 1616.

DVELLVM BRITANNICVM

DEDICATED

To the eternall memory of that admirable Combat performed by two valorous Knights, Sir *Robert Manſell* appellant, & Sir *Iohn Heydon* Defendant; where both equally expreſsing fortitude and skill in giuing and receiuing wounds, ſcaped death, notwithſtanding by the onely *fauour of Prouidence.*

SInce you haue done more then I can relate
(A miracle in conqu'ring Death) what hate
Is that, then death more deadly, which ſuruiues
To cloude the glory of your after liues?
Be reconcilde; We ſhew moſt ſtrength and skill
In maſtering our ſtrong frailtie, our weake will.

Man

Man may Man perſwade amiſſe,
But the skill and cunning is,
To rule him right, to cauſe him do,
What true wiſdome longs vnto.
See how the buſie Lawyers throng
Twixt Man and Man for right and wrong,
Thoſe Papers, all thoſe bookes are writ,
To reconcile Mans iarring wit.
Piſtols, Muskets, Rapiers, Swords,
All the Engines war affords,
Are for Man prepar'd, not hell:
There no foe like Man doth dwell.
" Man for ſport baites Lyons, Beares,
" Man alone Man hates, and feares.

GReat Volumes in few lines epitomiz'd
Are eaſieſt apprehended, and ſo priz'd.

Large Countries in ſmall Maps are beſt ſurueide,
Becauſe the ſenſe (in theſe abridgments ſtaid)
Keeps company with *Reaſon*, neuer flitting
From that firme obiect their ioynt powers fitting.
Thus the whole world is in one Man expreſt,
And euery part deſcrib'd and iudged beſt.
Then noble *Britaine* do not ſcorne to ſee
Thy owne face in this Glaſſe I proffer thee;
Two of thy children, whoſe hard fortune tels,
What danger and aſſur'd deſtruction dwels
in thy diſ-vnion; and how fond they are,
Who with falſe reaſons nurſe thy ciuill warre.
These two (two Worthies) nobly borne and bred;
Inrich'd with vertue, and vpon the head
Of Court and kingdome plac'd, (as Iewels worne
For vſe and ornament) now rent and torne,
Remaiue ſad ſpectacles; and cry aloud
O Man, why, being mortall, art thou proud?
Why art thou proud of beauty? Roſes blaſt;
Or of thy wealth? the mines of *India* waſte;
Or of thy ſtrength? ſince ſicknes, age, or wounds
Lets looſe the ſtiff-ſtrung ioynts, and ſpirit confounds.
Or of thy honour, and thy high-borne blood?
Since to be great is not worth praiſe, but good.
Or of all theſe? ſince all theſe, and much more
Wharton and *Steward* had, loſt, and di'd poore.
Much more they had; ſo much, that hard it is
To tell what either wanted. Earths chiefe bliſſe,
(Their Princes fauour) like the Sunne aboue
In his hot Solſtice ſtood, and did improue
Their blooming youth's with ripened fruit, before
Their thoughts could hope: ô what could they wiſh
(more?

Friends fought the, fortune bleſt the; bleſt them ſo,
That which might happieſt ſeem was hard to know.
Neither had cauſe of Enuie; except thus,
As th'eies, hands, feet, which guide, guard, carry vs;
Whoſe ſelfe like ſhape, and equall vſe admits
No warre, but fellow-feeling of ſuch fitts,
Griefes, and diſeaſes, as each part ſuſtaines;
So ſhar'd they in all pleaſures, toyles, ſports, paines.
Nor had theſe other cauſe of warre at all,
" And cauſeleſſe warre is moſt vnnaturall.
Yet (oh) that ſubtle Spirit incenſ'd raſh blood
With franticke rage, that euery euill ſeem'd good.
They firſt muſt play; ſo vndeſerued gold
" Ill got, we waſte, and haue no power to hold.
Then they proceed to words, from words to blowes;
" The way to euill is eaſie; but who knowes
The Clue that we returne by? hence proceeds
A Challenge from wrong'd *Wharton*: *Steward* needs
No ſuch ſtale prouocation: Miſchiefes feet
" Are ſwift to blood: their quicke deſires ſoon meet;
And (met) ſoone fight; bold *Steward* falls by Fate;
Wharton by Chance: *thoſe powers each other hate.*

So I haue ſeene from th'*Indies* Eaſt and Weſt,
Two Ships well rigg'd and mann'd vpon the breſt
Of *Thetis* dancing, ſpreading flags abroad
For ioy of their long-wiſht-for Engliſh roade:
Paſt now all dangerous *Rocks, Gulphs, Pyrats, Sand,*
Ready t'vnlade their rich fraught on firme land,
And tell the ſtory of their perils paſt,
And frolicke with glad friends in peace, at laſt.
When ſpying each other ſo bedeckt, adornd,
With outward pomp: on's pride the other ſcornd,

And from that enuious ſcorn ſome word proceeding,
And frō that word ſome blow, frō that blow bleeding.
Then giuing way to furie, all inrag'd,
Both are in deſp'rate tearmes of fight ingag'd.
The fire in water, Lead in th'ayre, their center
Doe madly ſeeke; and both theſe rudely enter
The ſtrong ſhips wombe, and ranſacke euery hold,
For pretious life, neglecting *Indian* gold.
The ſhot ſeems thunder, but the dying grones
Of ſlaughtered ſoules, ſhrike louder, deeper tones
Then roring Cannons, whoſe thicke charging rout
Lets water freely in, and poures bloud out.
In this hot fight both firmly doe defend,
Both nimbly do aſſault, both madly ſpend,
Strength, skill, and all to hurt. Conqueſt inclines
To neither part as partiall. Equall lines
Are drawne betwixt them both by Fate & Chance;
Till th'one his topſaile fairely doth aduance
To win the winde, and in that vantage flies
With force and fury on his foe; who plies
All meanes to ſalue this loſſe, and to regaine
Faire ods, or equall ſtanding once againe.
But all in vaine, fortune, the winde, and ſea,
Confederate with the aduerſe ſeeme to be.
So this to ſinke (rather then yeeld) reſolues,
And halfe his tatter'd ſides the Sea inuolues.
When th'other (couetous) grapples with his foe,
To bourd and rob him: and (being chained ſo)
The ſhip that leaks ſinks, and with his weight drawes
The Conqueror with Conqueſt, to deaths iawes.
So fares it with theſe noble Combatants
Both equally of blood and honor vants:

Both

Both enui'd and belou'd alike, both friends,
Both yong, both valiant, and their life and ends
So paralell, and twin-like like in all
That they obtain'd one graue, one funerall.
One graue, one funerall, they obtain'd, yet loſt
The fame and honor their youth thirſted moſt.
Becauſe their quarrell on falſe grounds begun,
Could not produce true praiſe, nor true blame ſhun.
The wounds thou gau'ſt ſtout *Wharton* had bin good
Againſt thy Kings or faiths foe; and thy blood
Heroicke *Steward*, had been nobly ſhed,
Againſt ſuch ſlaues; ſo both had brauely bled.
And your braſſe Monuments had ſpoke the fame
Of *Whartons* noble, *Stewards* royall name.
Then the fierce challenger for his quicke charge,
and ſtout aſſault with wounds giuen deep and large;
His apt command of euery part ſoone ſhunning,
All wounds ſaue one, giuen more by chance then eun-
And the Defendant, who ſo long time ſtood ning.
Drownd (yet vndanted) in his owne life-blood;
And deadly wounded, paſt all hope of liuing.
Death in his death, to his haile foeman giuing;
Had filld the largeſt leaues of Fames faire ſtory,
And both worne wreath of triumph, conqueſt, glory
And then like patterns to both Realmes, ſet out
By vertue for example; the wiſe and ſtout
Had been your ſchollers, and their leſſons read,
In thoſe greene fields, where both ſo boldly bled.
But now (aye me!) as rocks, bars, ſands, at ſea,
Or marks ſet vp to ſhew ſhips where they bee,
Or rather as ſome wrack'd ſhips ſelfe, whoſe maſt
Ore looks the waues, and yet ſtill ſticking faſt

In th'eating filt, bids the wiſe Pilot flye
The trackleſſe path, where ſuch hid dangers lye.
So ſtand theſe two, the ſignes of woe, and ruth,
Of ſhipwrackt honor, fortune, valour, youth:
And by their deaths confirm this ſpeech for good,
"Vertue hath greater priuiledge then blood.
"Our ſoules are Gods, our bodies are the Kings,
"And he that in his priuate quarrell brings
"Either of theſe in queſtion doth betray
"The Kings part, and giues Gods part cleane away.
England, behold in *Wharton* what thou art,
And *Scotland* ſee in *Steward* euery part
Of thy beſt power; ſhun enmitie and ſtrife,
None but your ſelues haue power of eithers life.
Let no ſlight toyes (the ſnares and traines of hell)
Breed war betwixt you two; but kindly dwell
Within this Ile as in one houſe, the rather
Being thereto wooed by your good King, kind father.
If not, peruſe this glaſſe, and let not me
The fatall Prophet of ſuch ill newes be
To your ſucceeding times; but chooſe you whether
You'le ſtill liue friends, or like theſe die together.

A caſt of Falcons (in their pride
At paſſage ſcouring) fowle eſpide
Securely feeding from the ſpring,
At one both ayme with nimble wing.
They firſt mount vp aboue Mans ſight,
Plying for life this emulous flight
In equall compaſſe, and maintaine
Their pitch without a lazie plaine.
Then ſtooping freely (lightning-like)
They (counter) dead each other ſtrike.
The fowle eſcapes, and with her wings
Their funerall dirge, this leſſon ſings.
" Who aimes at glory not aright,
" Meetes death, but Glorie takes her flight.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium Georgij Whartoni Milit.

TH' offence was great, worse the report,
The iniurie Reuenge *acquitting,*
And life with many wounds ta'ne for't
Argu'de a minde true honour fitting.
For sluggish Cowardice *doth shame*
A noble Stocke, *and honour'd name.*

Epitaphium Iacobi Stewardi Armigeri.

WIth an vndaunted heart I fought,
Reuenge *and* Choller *me assailing,*
In fight I fell, with courage stout,
My life and foes, togither failing,
I dig'de my graue out with my sword,
And stroke, whilst life would strength afford.

IVSTITIA IACOBI.

Dedicated to the graue, reuerend, and iudi-
cious Knight, Sir *Robert Gardiner*,
ſometime Lord Iuſtice
of Ireland.

SO many men preſſe now for place in State,
Deſeart and Worth cannot come neere the gate:
But happy were it for the State and vs,
If we (as Rome *did) ſought for* Curius.
There ſhould we finde him, farre from Court, with you
Perhaps a Gardiner, or perhaps at Plow.
Yet euen the ſame which Pyrhus *did withſtand,*
Samnites, *and* Sabines *ruld, as you Ireland.*
Then ſhould our Kings cleare Iuſtice ſhine too bright
To ſuffer potent wrong, cloude impotent right.
Then ſhould this act of Iuſtice ſo aboue
All preſidents, make others like it moone.
But wretched we, whilſt few the doore can paſſe
Of high preferment, but the Laden Aſſe.

Man

INSTITUM IACOBI.

Man, Angell, nor the Fiend of Hell.
Can Mans heart see, search, and tell.
That God alone doth vnderstand,
Closing all thoughts within his hand.
He better knowes then Priest, Iudge, Scribe,
Who gaue the last cause-carrying bribe.
He sees, when sentence goes awry,
Where the hidden ground doth lie.
He knowes if it be true or no,
The doubtfull witnesse sweares vnto.
He markes the Iewrie *and their leader,*
And obserues the Lying Pleader.
He notes the Councell what they doe,
And the Kings *heart searcheth too.*

HOw hatefull is this silence? I haue stood
Wishing, expecting, musing long, who wou'd

With

With honeſt thrift, this faire aduantage take
To fame himſelfe for euer, and to make
This ſenceleſſe age conceiue (perhaps commend)
The good we now enioy, not apprehend.
Time was Kings words were like to apples, ſnatch'd
from t'*Heſperides*, ſo obſeru'de, ſo watch'de.
None ſuffer'd to drop downe; all highly prizde
Preſerued, recorded, apothegmatizde.
But now their words (though *Oracles* to thoſe
Of former times, though verſe vnto their proſe)
Are ſlighted by this lip-wiſe age of ours;
Whoſe rootles knowledge bears no fruits but flow'rs.
Where is the Man whoſe better fate, admits
Him place, time, meanes, to heare the King of wits.
Diſcourſe like *Salomon*, of euery thing,
Begot betwixt the winter and the ſpring?
Determine euery doubt that doth ariſe
Twixt heauen and earth, the idiot and the wiſe?
That doth for priuate vſe, or publike good
Make knowne how *Saba-like*, he vnderſtood?
And did not (like the pictures) waite for ſhow
To fill place only, but to learne to know.
This man is yet no *Courtier*, or at leaſt
No daily waiter; ſcarce ſeene at a feaſt.
Too poore and plaine to trauaile, and bring backe
The tongue and heart of treaſon; he doth lacke
A face t'outface his wants, and doth bewray
His ignorance in euery arrogant way.
He meanes good faith and ſpeakes it, though the lip
Of cenſuring law, his ſtate and body ſtript
Of coyne, and eares, and freedome; it's no crime,
To ſpeake truth (he thinks) though't be out of time.

He is no chamber Traytor from hell ſent,
To vndermine the Soules high parliament.
He cannot candy poyſon; wants the waies
To tickle truth to death, with her owne praiſe.
He dares not weare a deſperate ſuite t'vndoe
Himſelfe, a Mercer, and a Taylor too.
And then make that the preface how to aske
Towards his vnknowne loſſe in the laſt maske.
But ſuch as can thoſe Court-lie Myſteries
Want time for this. Themſelues are hiſtories
Not eaſely learn'd; t'will aske a perfect Man
To read them daily o're, do what he can.
And ere he learns by heart each attribute
Appropriate to the body, and the ſuite.
Himſelfe growes old, or a new-faſhion ſprings,
Which ſhifts the Scene, the forme, and face of things.
Thus ſilk-worms ſpend their times, & ſchollers too
Haue idle worke enough to turne them to.
Perhaps a paire of feete and a tongue ſtroue.
Who ſhould walke faſteſt, and moſt countries roue.
In feweſt howers to ſmalleſt purpoſe; theſe
At length returne (their trauailes finiſht) pleaſe,
To publiſh their fond Iournall. But (alaſſe!)
Neither themſelues, nor their huge worke can paſſe
Our preſſe vnpraiſde. *O Courtiers* thither hie,
Gallants, Wits, Poets; Let your Muſes flie
Not to reforme, or ſettle this light braine,
But render him more wilde. Your ſelues ſhall gaine
Much wonder by't; extolld ſhall be your skill,
For writing well in ieaſt, in earneſt ill.
Or if not this, ſome other witty taske
taies your continuall leiſures, and doth aske

Inke

Inke from your pens, t'asperge, deforme, defile,
States and their instruments, with libells vile.
No man must liue without your fawning praise,
Nor no man die without your roundelaies.
Death maks you sport, & strokes which force the *State*,
Stagger and reele; your humors eleuate.
"*Vice* liuing, is preferd to *Vertue* dead,
"The present, no time els, is honored.
If you attend on Kings, it's to obserue
Their imperfections, where their frailties swerue
In rash attempts or passionate words vnstaid,
From iuster rules, their temperate bloods once laide.
As if Kings were not men, weake, fraile, and poore,
Like to their Subiects, and subiected more.
As if at *Rome* (whither you send this newes,)
All there were Saints, & your Popes Court no *stewes*.
As if that you a Patent had from Hell,
All things to say or doe, but nothing well.
O! if you yet retaine a graine of that,
Which your high aimes would seeme to leuell at:
Or if no faith (but that you Atheists be,
And nothing but vnhallow'd Reason see,)
If but a sparke of that remaine intire,
Which you seeme to monopolize (the fire
Prometheus filch'd from *Ioue*) let that bright flame
Kindle your zeales for selfe, kings, countries fame,
To vse those opportunities, parts, places,
Intelligences, meanes, friends, fortunes, graces,
You haue'boue other, for the publique good,
That we may vnderstand you vnderstood.
Learne *Saba* like to heare, obserue, report,
The good our *Salomon* speakes, doth at Court.

Not *Shemei*-like to slander curse, deride,
Religions Nurse, Arts glory, vertues Pride.
But you contemne my admonition. Goe
Feed fat for Hell, the place you couet so.
And let my humble Muse, applaud, admire
And celebrate heauens grant to our desire.
Tell what thou seest and feel'st. *Ingratitude*
" Receiues, craues, swallowes, a whole multitude
" Of gifts and graces, without thankes or cease,
" And with dul silence beats heauns blessings hence.
" It is *Detraction* to conceale due praise,
" When good related, might more goodnesse raise.
" It is not flattery to report truth well;
" True glasses both our faults and fauours tell.
Here then receiue this one worke royall *Iames*,
Which now reflects vpon thee, and more fames
This Church and kingdom, then thy birth, crown, pen,
Or what else makes thee the good King of men.
I sing thy Iustice, whose cleare raies giues light,
To neighbour Princes in this ignorant night
Of misticke error, and corrupt *Respect*,
How to informe aright their intellect.
And (hauing here on earth, mongst christian kings
And Pagans shone) it mounts the winds swift wings
Calming the sea, bounding her ebs and tides,
And in her monthly change the moist Moone guides.
Then fores vp higher, and informes the Sunne,
How mongst the signes in an euen line to run;
How to make daies, and nights; and higher yet
Mounts, till it be in the first Mouer set.
Two warlike kingdomes linck't in happy peace.
When they beheld how common fewdes did cease

And saw how strongly blest that concord stands,
Where brethren ioyne first hearts, and after hands,
Resolu'd that course; turn'd marches into Maskes,
And reuelling tissues wore for malsier Caskes.
Steeds traind for ready fight, learnd now to peace,
And knew no foes but Buckes and Hares; nor race
But on smooth plaines for wagers, or for sport,
Not for loued life; where Camp's lay, lay the Court.
Keene swords that bit the bone, abated now
Kist without making skars, or help'd the plow
To draw long furrowes on the fruitfull earth,
Least *Peace* shold (breeding teeth to fast) breed dearth.
Blunt foiles were on sharpe pointed Rapiers set,
And so Lord *Sanquier* and poore *Turner* met.
They met to play; there *Sanquier* lost an eie.
O *Britaine*! canst thou nothing further spie,
In this then his losse? Looke vp now and see;
Securitie hath ta'ne an eye from thee.
Ill didst thou ward that blow; If sport hurt so,
O what will open force and malice do?
Thy King rides, hunts and falls. Are horses then
Turn'd traitors too? will beasts proue like to men?
Can Kings finde sportfull peace so hazardous?
To armes then *Cæsar*, shun the Senate house,
Like poison, ponyards, pistols, *Death* aboue
Attends on *Princes* when they feed, sleep, mone;
Beneath like powder, that the ground they tread,
Seemes all one continent, to quicke and dead.
And is't not so with others too? behold,
This silly Fencer, in his ignorance bold
Think's his submissiue sorrow will suffice
For that vnhappy thrust at *Sanquiers* eyes;

And

And begging pardon, ſeemes to haue it then.
What foole dares truſt the vnſeald words of men.
Yet *Turner* will. A reconciled foe
" Seemes a true friend, to him would haue him ſo.
He thinks (now *Dunne* is dead) to die in peace.
" But blood cries out for blood, and doth not ceaſe
" Till vengeance followes. Vengeance euen at hand
Waits like a treacherous Groome of *Sanquiers*; and
(When *Turner* nothing of his neere death thinkes,
But laughes, & plaies, & to his death-ſman drinkes.)
Let's his charg'd piſtoll flie, whoſe mouth ſpits lead
With fire-wing'd ſpeede, ſtriking the Fencer dead.
" No ward auoides that blow. *Pale Death* we ſee
" A fellow-gameſter in all ſports will be.
The Murtherers flee; *Iuſtice* purſues with ſpeede,
Th' *Abettor*, *Actor*, *Author* of this deede;
Who (apprehended) apprehend too late
(If friends help not,) the iſſue of their fate.
But friends will help. One ſteps vnto the King,
Kneeles and thus pleads. *Leige lord*, you are the ſpring
From whence *Nobilitie* flowes. And all our blood
The neerer yours it comes, the neerer good.
As you firſt gaue, ſo let your power preſerue
Thoſe that are ſet apart the Crowne to ſerue.
Others by fit election, theſe by fate
Are made hereditarie to the State.
Diſtinguiſh'd from the common ranke of thoſe
Who only know they are, not when they roſe.
And priuiled'ge aboue the raskall rout,
Whoſe words and deeds haue reference to account.
Elſe why did our bold fathers with the loſſe
Of lymmes and liues, honors for vs ingroſſe?

Or why do these new *Nobles* dearely buy
Those attributes for which they dare not die?
Or why should land or gold, which all things can
Be giuen for titles, if they mend not man,
And something adde besides an emptie sound,
To recompence the losse of gold and ground?
If honour doth nought but a name afford,
A Lordship then is better then a Lord.
" *Nobility* this priuiledge doth bring,
" It makes the owner something like a king;
" Exempting him from penall lawes, which crack
" With heauy pressure the poore Commons back.
This (Sir) I speake t'excite your royall power
To rescue Noble *Sanquir*, who this houre
Is by the too-strick't vnrespectiue lawes
Condemn'de to die a villaines death. The cause
And quarrell this. The Baron chanc'd to play
With a rude Fencer; where both did bewray
Their best abilitie at *Rapier* foyles.
The Fencer to vphold his credit toyles,
But wanteth skill; which makes his hate arise;
And with an enuious thrust at *Sanquirs* eyes,
The wicked and inchanted foyle depriues
An eye of sight; worth many Fencers liues.
The suffering Lord forbeares to kill him then.
But being after scorn'de by watermen,
Fidlers, and such base instruments of hell
For this foule blemish, his great heart did swell.
And (full of noble courage) loth to do
So blacke a deede himselfe, he puts it to
His mans performance, who obaide too soone.
Repentance came before the deede was done.

The equall lawes to equalls doth appoint
An eye ſhould haue an eye, ioynt anſwere ioynt,
But where ſuch oddes of perſons be, I gheſſe
An eye ſhould haue a life to boote, no leſſe.
Yet not on this or that doth *Sanquir* ſtand;
His death, his life, his doome is in your hand.
He doth confeſſe the foulneſſe of his guilt:
He ſorrowes for the blood that he hath ſpilt.
Your mercy (royall Sir) he doth implore
For this raſh act, who neuer beg'd before.
Scarce had he done, and e're the king could ſpeake,
An other thus begins. If you ſhould wreake
Each Engliſh peaſants life with bloud ſo hie
As noble *Sanquir* is, No memorie
Of your faire traine, of Natiue Scots, ſhould ſtand,
To let times know the glory of that land.
Souldiers muſt doffe their armes, and gowns put on,
If villanies ſo foule may paſſe vpon
Lords vnreuenged; or if thoſe antique names,
Thoſe honors, trophees, and eternall fames,
We got by killing many Engliſhmen,
Be for the death of one, thus loſt agen.
If thus to quench the fewde you pleaſed are,
You thereby quench the heart of lawfull warre.
Remember what a ſouldier he hath bin;
How eaſly might forget it was a ſinne.
And thinke he did but chaſtice one of thoſe
Who gainſt his Leader muteni'de, and roſe.
Many of th'Engliſh haue been pardoned
For treaſons capitall. Some honored
For their knee-ſeruice, and no other merit.
Then (Sir) let vs who lineally inherit

Allegeance, worth, and honors; sometime finde
You left not all yout Scottish blood behinde.
Nor meane to leaue vs in the hands of those
Who kill with law more friends, then fewdes kill foes.
Thus ended he; And then as in a Queere
Of solemne singers, on shall euer heare
After the Trebles hath the Antheme sung,
And their diuisions with shrill vtterance rung;
The Base, the Tenor, Counter-tenor sweet,
With Howboyes, Cornets, Trumpets, Organs meet,
And ioyne their hye-stretcht notes, that all the ring
Seemes Eccho like, their sonets to resing.
So did the graue and gallant troope, which stood
About the King (like a dew-dropping wood)
Conuey their powres to make this consort full
And cryed; Be stil'd *King James the mercifull.*
Or (if to satisfie the course of law,
And stop *Opinions* wide-gull swallowing iaw)
Life must haue life, take *Carlisle*, one for one,
And one to boote too; so this Lord be none.
With that (as if all aymes would this aduance)
Comes from the Regent, and the King of *France*,
Letters, intreating for their Pensioners life.
And last, as if the difference of a wife
Should from this fact take characters, to know
A true good wife, from a good wife in show:
Comes his forsaken Lady all in blacke,
(Whose youth from him did due beneuolence lacke)
Weeping, intreating, for her lost Lords sinne.
And then like fullomes that run euer in
A baile of Gossips (some true beggars borne,
Pittying this Lord more then the Lord of Lorne)

Beg his remiſsion with obſtreperous voice;
But mongſt the reſt, ſhe that made lowdeſt noiſe,
Was *Turners* Widdow, whoſe ſhrill throat did yell,
That ſhe was ſatisfied, and all was well.
The king abhord it, and his vpright heart,
Beholding theſe aſſaults on euery part,
Made it his glory to be only good,
And from his crowne to wipe thoſe ſtaines of blood.
Thus he replies; The crowne for Iuſtice ſake,
" Heau'n plac'd vpon our head; which none can ſhake
" Or touch till with vniuſtice we make way,
" And for (reſpect) that ſtrict rule diſobay.
" God is our Guard of proofe, that we may be
" A guard to you vnpartiall, iuſt, and free.
" And this ſtands firme; If one hand goes about
" To ſigne a croock't line, th'other blurs it out.
O magnanimitie, aboue a Man!
O Iuſtice more confirm'd then that which wan
Zeleucus ſo much fame! Corrupt with gold
States, Courtiers, Law, or Wiues that will be ſold,
Peruert with paſsion euery ſolid heart,
Moue *Stoikes*, or melt marble with thy art,
Iuſtice ſits ſtill vntouch'd, with kingly care,
Not pardoning till crue mercy bids him ſpare.
And then not ſtriking, though the life he giues,
Repines, and enuies that the guier liues.
Deni de they vaniſh, as the cloudes diſperſe,
When the hot-ſhining Sunne lookes red and fierce,
The law proceeds; the Actors ſuffer firſt,
A death too-good, too-bad; the beſt the worſt.
The Author then ſubmits him to his doome,
And dies a *Catholike*; *That's a man of Rome:*

Romulus and *Remus* nurſed by a wolfe, *Romulus* ſlew his brother *Remus* for leaping ouer the walls of his Citie *Rome*.

O *Rome*! liues yet that Wolfe which was thy Nurſe
When (growing great) thou grewſt the whole worlds curſe?
May none yet leap thy wals, or leaue thy Sea
Vnſlayne, though he a King and brother be?
Retain'ſt thou yet that ſauage kinde, to pray
On the diſtreſſed flocke which ſhuns thy way?
Do all that ſucke thy breſts, for milke ſucke blood?
Dare not that ſpring from thee die well, doe good?
Muſt *Gibbets* onely rocke them to their reſt?
Doe they deſire that death? become they't beſt?
Muſt *Traytors*, *Murtherers*, only be thy *Saints*?
Weare none white robes but ſuch as ſcarlet paints?
Elſe why doe all euill men ſo ſoone drinke vp
The deadly lees of thy inchaunted cup?
Or why doe fooles ſo credit what *Rome* ſayth,
But for they eaſely learne implicit faith?
If *Rome* keep heauens keyes, (as 'tis out of doubt,)
None dare barre *Lambert*, or Lord *Sanquir* out:
Nor neede they feare, where *Ieſuits* haue to doe,
Garnet ſhall be a *Saint*, and *Iudas* too:
Their writings and examples murther teach;
They'l not condemne the doctrine which they preach.
This makes our deſperate *Ruffins*, *Romanes* dye,
And our crack'd Virgins ſeeke a *Nunnery*.
Iuſtice riſe *Lyon*-like out of thy ſleepe,
The Weſterne *Wolues* worry the *Iriſh* ſheepe:
And here at home thy borders ſwarme with thoſe
Who doe initiate, breed, beget thee foes,
The[t] ſcar thou thinkſt to cloſe, theſe make more wide:
"True faith vnites, but their faith doth deuide.
The *Grimes* are baniſh'd, but worſe Foxes earth
In thoſe vaſt places, through the Goſpels dearth.

[t] Vnion.

Anno 1. Iacob.

The Humour that feeds theſe, affects the heart,
And doth dilate it ſelfe through euery part
By ſecret influence, though it cloſely lurkes,
" Cauſes are beſt diſcouered by their workes.
" Examples though they doe no other ill,
" Rebell againſt the Lawes in being ſtill,
" They count'nance giue to error, and curbe in
" Bold reprehenſion, making truth a ſinne.
" Who hides his queſtion'd faith he ought reueale,
" Will vtter what perhaps he ſhould conceale.
Hunt out theſe Foxes then; it is a ſport
Fitting a King, a Councell, and a Court.
Vſe Hounds that lie not, or flie out; for ſuch
Spend freely, ſweetly, but the ground not touch:
They pleaſe the eare and eye, but neuer mainde
To kill the Game. Theſe [illegible] are of their kinde.
But ſtay, take off, we ryot; leaue the ſent:
" *Plaine Truth cannot be ſlaine, but may be ſhent.*

Aquigni-

Aquigniſpicium.

DEDICATED

TO THE FREE and bountifull Houſe-keeper,

Sr Le-ſtrange Mordant,

Knight Baronet,

THou that art almoſt onely left to tell,
Wherein our ancient Gentry did excell
Theſe vpſtart plants, be ſtill thy ſelfe, till we,
For ſhame reforme our liues, and wax like thee.
So plaine, free, vpright, honeſt, open, iuſt:
But ſure firſt die, and riſe againe we muſt.

Aquignispicium.

The State *is cast*; God *doth behold*
Eyes blinde, eares deafe, tongues dombe with cold.
Dayes care to get, gets nightly cares,
Which memorie foyles, and iudgment marrs.
The faint hearts (slowly beating) tells
Dull spirits in the slacke nerue dwells
The Liuer boyles with lustfull blood:
Weake stomacke *brookes no meat that's good.*
Loose palsie makes the hands to tremble,
When they for loue shake, they dissemble.
The gowty knees doe stifly bend;
The feete walke slow to all good end.
The Doctor *sayth*: Repent, fast, pray,
Die, *or this diet take we may.*

GOd bends his bowe but shoots not; see, it stands *Alluding to the Rainebow.*
As if the stiffe string were in Mans owne hands.

For

For God firſt plac'd it ſo, that Man might know
How prone to peace he is, to warre how ſlow.
That couenant which he made with *Noah*, he keeps,
His Mercy euer wakes, his Iuſtice ſleeps.
And though our ſins a ſecond *Deluge* craues,
Hee'l drench the world no more in thoſe ſalt waues.
" What hurt frō heauē fals, firſt frō th'earth proceeds,
" And Mans misfortune, ſprings frō mans miſdeeds.
Miſdeeds that from our ſelues, frends, country come,
And where they ſhould on all, light but on ſome.
The ſnow, haile, raine, are by the Suns pure beames
Exhalde from ſtanding *Mariſhes*, whoſe ſtreames
Infect the ayre with foggy miſts, and then
Are botteld vp in clouds for ſinfull men.
And for Mans good, in ſeaſon they diſtill
Or out of ſeaſon, to amend the ill.
The plagues we feele fall at the head and foot,
Are ſhafts gainſt God our hands firſt vpward ſhoot.
Preſumptuous ſins in Country and at Court,
Greatneſſe, and *Grace*, and *Fauour* do ſupport.
The *Pulpit* flatters; *Iuſtice* fits and ſmiles,
Making a gainefull skill, of lingring wiles.
" Who hath great friends liues free, & wanteth faults,
" But without friends the vpright innocent haults.
Vice now prouides vs rayment, meat and drinke,
So how't increas't not how to curb't we thinke.
Old men waxe impudent, laſciuious, wilde,
That fits them beſt, which ſcarce becomes a childe.
Young men are ſtubborne, diſobedient, ſtout,
And rule, and teach, euen from the ſwathing clout.
They all things know and can but (what they ought)
Themſelues and *vertue*. Theſe they neuer ſought.

Fashions

Faſhions from *Spaine*, *France*, *Germanie*, and *Rome*,
And *Turkie* too, with their *Religions* come.
So they are ſuited fayre from top to toe,
And each new ſuite in a new faith they goe.
Matrons that are not dead nor yet aliue.
But betwixt both, in ſome part vegetiue,
Crowne their ſmooth ſcalps with haire, to now makes
A ſecond Miſtres ready for the graue. (braue
Young Maids (that go for ſuch) are Mothers known
And ſuch as ſhould be none, are Virgins ſhowne.
O modeſty where dwelſt thou? Womanhood
Is ſcarce by our high Engliſh vnderſtood.
Vice growes ſo common, that it is far more
Opprobrious, to be chaſte, then be a whore.
All things are out of order. Lawes are made
Strong meanes not to defend, but to invade.
Then why ſhould we limit the ſea, or fire
Within their bounds, and not our owne deſire?
Southward th' *Armado*, and the fleetes of *Spaine*,
(Oft beaten) ſeeme to threaten vs againe. Ann. Dom. 1588.
And Eaſt and Weſt the *Seas* would meet we ſee: *The ſeas broke in before Weſt, now Eaſt.*
But that (O wonder!) *Northward* bleſt we bee.
The want of water was the cauſe before
Thoſe huge built hulkes, could not approch our ſhore;
Who came reſolu'de of conqueſt: and did ſtand
As if they meant to beare away our land.
Poore Ile ſo ſmall thou wert, and they ſo great
Too ſcant a ſea for them that was thy ſeat.
But had they ſtaide till now, now might they ride
On the ſwolne waues at eaſe in all their pride.

And

And into euery hauen their bold Ships ſtere,
As if no ſands, barres, ſhallowes, had bin there.
We know when ſ'ere they come, God can prouide
Such ſeas, ſo high, ſo vncontrold a tide,
Able without their *Enuie*, or their ayde
To bury vs: for ſee how he hath layd
Our workes all leuell; draines, dikes, ſluces, banks,
Fields, paſtures, gardens, mannors, farmes, and franks,
With man their owner, and what Man doth feed,
Are buried with a ſea of teares indeed.

Powder treaſon. *Nouember* did we ſcape thy fift day thus,
That euery day thou ſhould'ſt be ominous?

P. H. his death. Doe we ſo ſoone forget the ſixt day, laſt
And worſt of all daies to our Iland paſt,
That thus we ſhould ſo oft remembred be,
From what ſtrange thraldom, we were once ſet free?
Or do the waters thus breake into ſhow
How humorous and irregular vices flow?
How *Saint*-like *Sacriledge* doth impropriate?
And calme *Oppreſſion* ſwallowes *Church* and *State*?
How cloſe *Hypocriſie* bends his courtly knee,
And (wanting all faith) would haue all faith's free?
How holy *Hymens* ſacred bands are broken,
His torch extinguiſh'd, and his rites fore-ſpoken?
How gotiſh luſts needs all thoſe waues to ſlake
His ſcorching flames, hot as th'infernall lake?
Or is't for all theſe crimes, and more vntold,
The faithfull Sea, which wont our *Ile* to hold
In his moiſt armes, (from ſtrange aſſaults ſecure,
Hath chang'd his loue to this ſad ouerture?

And (for our ſinnes) learnes vs to faſt and pray.
Bringing in fiſh, ſweeping our fleſh away?
That land which (*Goſhen* like) did flow while ere, *Morſland in Norfolk.*
With all that Man deſires or life holds deere,
So that no ſpot in all this Iles large field,
The ſythe more hay, ſickle more corne did yield:
Where ſweetnes was the ſawce, and fatnes fed,
Whil'ſt *Dearth*, and *Famine* from the confines fled:
Where the ſtiffe-vdder'd *Cow* long'd twice a day,
To meet the merry milke-maide on the way;
And miſsing her by chance, wrot on the ground
With milke-white letters where ſhe would be found;
Now proſtrate lyes; the goodly beauty foil'd,
The welth waſh'd thence, the gards & trēches ſpoil'd.
O what aſſurance haue we then in clay
Which (if not Lawyers) *Seas* thus eat away?
Build farre from waters, that ſecures thy feare,
Though leſſe thy profit be, ſafe dwelling there.
O no; what's that I ſee? a raging flame *New-market burned with many other notable townes in England.*
Mounts vp in yonder plaine, and none can tame
His hot miſgouern'd furie. Water heere
Some cry, but no ſuch element is neere.
Like a mad-Dog that through the thronged ſtreets
Ranging with rage ſnatcheth at all he meets,
And all that bitten are, as mad as he,
Runne raging too, that few or none ſcape free,
The cry is vp, and euery man ſtands arm'd,
To do he knowes not what till he be harm'd,
And then to ſaue himſelfe neglects the reſt,
And madly miſchiefe does when he meanes beſt.

Or

Or as a towne of ſtrength at dead of night,
Surpriz'd (by ſome ſtraine ſtratagem or ſlight,)
The people (with the allarum bell awak'd)
Run out to ſee what newes amaz'd and nak'd;
And meeting death abroad, for life run home,
And finde their houſes ſack'd before they come.
Then turning backe againe they know not whither,
Flocke all on heaps and dye like friends togither:
So far'de it there; the fire flew vp and downe
Snatching at euery houſe within the towne.
And whilſt one thought his neighbors houſe to ſaue,
He ſees his owne doth inſtant ſuccour craue.
Here ſtands an *Alehouſe* tolting, and the *Hoſtis*
Swearing her ſalle-ſcor de tally burn'd or loſt is.
The *Tapſter* (wanting water) plies with ale
The thirſtie fire which drinks both new and ſtale,
And by that oyly-ly quor is not quenched
But rather (*Drunkard*-like) inrag'd, incenſed,
The *Hoſt* (in ſtead of pailes) fills pots and ſweares
Hee'le vſe no penny pots that wants their eares.
Wiſheth his Iugs were bigger, he would fill them,
And (but in vaine) on the wilde fire doth ſpill them.
Here ſtares an *Oſtler* whilſt the flame makes ceaſure
On his ſmall bottles and his oſtry meaſure,
And here a *Chamberlaine* giues quicke attendance
To ſaue his pretty faggots with a vengeance.
Thoſe pretty faggots which fire hot being eat
In a cold morning, ſcarce would make one ſweat.
Heere runs a rauening *Vſurer* dog-like tyred
Betwixt his owne houſe and the mort-gagde fired.

Her

Here flames a barne of ſome ingroſsing *Farmer*.
And here the ſtudy burnes of ſome falſe *Termer*.
Here ſtands a kennell, there a rack and manger
For running horſes, but both ſtay the danger.
A *Baude* houles here, and here a neaſt of whores
Burnde oft within are now burnde out of dores.
Heere's a *Tobacco* ſhop, and in the *Celler*
Th'*Indian Deuil*, our baud, witch, whore, man-queller,
That ſpirit waſter, and that Liuer heater,
Of t'humor radicall that greedy eater,
That breath corrupter, and quick-eye-ſight ſpoyler,
That wit confounder, and ſtrong Memorie foyler,
That pickpurſe, theefe, time-cheater, conny catcher,
That alehouſe haunter, and fell miſcheefe hatcher,
That all compounded euill of euery Nation,
Too bad (almoſt) for th'Engliſh imitation,
Tobacco by the fire was there carouſed
With large pettounes, in piſſe perfum'de and ſouſed.
Thus what full many thrifty yeeres erected,
One prodigall flame hath waſted and deiected.
And now (behold) the prouder *Chimnies* ſtand
As heyres left well, who waſted haue their land,
Of whom the common people vſe to ſay,
It's pitty propermen ſhould thus decay;
Yet none releeues them, or builds vp their ſtate
To ſuch an eminent fortune as of late.
Mongſt theſe one *Chimney* ſtands, where paſſers by
May read this ſentence with a running eye,
Nothing is ſo cloſe carried or concealde,
Which ſhall not be in his due time reueal'de.

Whether by chance or by diuine decree,
(For ſo all humane actions order'd bee)
This obiect ſtands, that all may make good vſe
Of what they ſee, or quit them from excuſe,
Ile not determine. Let it be my folly
Rather then be prophane, to be too holly.
He that once drown'de the world, can if he pleaſe,
Drowne part or the whole world againe with eaſe:
But ſince his word is paſt, though we abound
With that which cauſde the former world be drownd,
Hee'le keepe his promiſe, and the ſea reſtraine
From ouerflowing ſinfull fleſh againe.
Yet is it in his power the whole t'immerſe,
In variable woes; plagues to diſperſe
In the moſt frequent ſtreetes, moſt fragrant fields,
That th'aire may breath out death, where helth now yeelds
Or thin-cheek'd *Famine* (though a ſtranger borne)
Who now to know on Fridaies th'Engliſh ſcorne,
Who of all forrainers is worſt intreated,
His faſhion left, himſelfe in priſon ſeated,
May be familiar with our countreymen
(Like a poſt-*Natus*, or free Denizen)
And that without an act, if God thinke good,
Though all the Peeres, and commons it withſtood.
Fire, ayre, earth, water, all are his: he can
With or without theſe ſaue or puniſh Man.
No place is free from him, nothing is hid,
He knowes what *Faukes*, *Perſie*, and *Catesby* did
Vnder the ground; and what new plots doe come
From hell, or from hells Councell-chamber (*Rome.*)

And

And this, (and all els) his bleſt hand reueales.
To his elect, and with deliuerance ſeales.
Attend his pleaſure then; firſt we ſhall ſee
Rome burne, and all with *Rome* that lynked bee.
Then the whole world; and that fire ſhall diſcloſe
Each truth, each falſhood, and each cauſe of thoſe,
Till then, theſe waters doe but waſh the ſlime
Of *Babel* from this too indifferent time.
Theſe petty fires, kindle our loue and zeale,
(Halfe-dead) to King, the Church, & cõmon-weale,
Affliction profits. Strike vs (Lord) in loue;
Let thy milde hand each way our firme faith proue.
But let not *Babell* triumph in our fall,
Nor any that on *Baal*, or *Dagon* call.

ANTIDOTVM CECILIANVM.

DEDICATED

To the Common-wealth.

DEsert hath no true follower after death
But Enuy; others flatter with their breath.
In vaine I sought particular Patrons; they
When life left greatnesse, ran with life away.
Blood, kindred, friends, forsooke him; so't was fit,
We might haue doubted else his worth and wit.
Their compasse was too narrow to yeeld shade
To him that both their rootes and fortunes made:
But gentle England, since he quiet gaue
To thee by his cares, giue his corps a graue.
And since his wisdome did renowne thy name,
Be thou a Sanctuarie to his fame.
And since he gaue for thee his life and health,
Giue him protection, thankefull Common-wealth.

TO

TO THE HONOVR of the illuſtrious Familie of the CECILLS, deſeruing of this Common wealth all the Romane wreaths of tryumph: The memorable Pyramids of Egypt: And all other Trophes of *Eternitie.*

AS by one mouer, motion, doth commence,
Euen from the *Center*, to circumference:
So from one good *Man*, many may ariſe,
Like-good, like-apt, like-faithfull, and like-wiſe.
This now is verified; The *Cecills* are
Stateſmen in time of peace, Souldiers in warre.

Epicedium.

What needs, thy Monument be raiſ'd?
What needs, the *Muſes* ſing thy worth?
What needs, thy memory be praiſ'd?
Or what needs Art, thy fame ſet forth?
Let Art, time, gold, the *Muſe*, and Men,
Guild falſhood, folly, ignorance.
Let them conſpire gainſt thee; and then,
The more they ſhall thy worth aduance.
They worke, write, raile, or praiſe to pleaſe,
" But *Truth* giues vertue, life, not theſe.

Darius *on a Graue-ſtone found*
This Epitaph : *Who digs this ground*
Shall treaſure finde. The greedy King
Dig'd there, but found another thing.
Within was written ; Had'ſt not been
A beaſtly-minded man, I ween
The harmeleſſe bones of the deceaſt
Had in their quiet tombes tane reſt.
Who rips the coffins of the dead,
Findes fame and honour thence are fled
With life, the Subiect *of their Ire ;*
Stench *onely ſtayes to pay their hire.*
" Worth *hath his* Epicedium *ſung*
" *By enuies ſhrill and ſlandrous tongue.*

WHen that rich *ſoule* of thine (now ſainƈted) kept
Hir State on earth, my humble *Muſe* nere ſtept

Out of that ſweet content wherein ſhe dweſt,
To ſing thy worth, th'effects whereof we felt.
But now ſince death hath freedome giuen to thee,
To ſee thy ſcorne made others flatterie,
And that each mouſe on the dead Lyon leaps,
And euery riming pen, forg'd matter heaps
On thy bright frame, caſting their owne baſe durt
Vpon thy honour'd hearſe, (minding more hurt
To thee then *Death* or *Hell* can doe) I may
And muſt be bold (or ſinne) this truth to ſay.
Each euidence thy foes bring, ſpeakes thy praiſe:
For what can more thy fame and glory raiſe,
Then to be rail'd on by the worſt of men,
Such as like out-lawes liue, not in the kenn
of *Iuſtice*, or communitie? Baſe ſlaues
Whoſe crimes & ſins make their own neſt their graues.
T'was meet thy vertues eminent and hie
Should not vn-enuied liue, vn-ſlandred dye:
For then we might haue fear'd thou had'ſt not been
So abſolute a man; now it is ſeen
Euen by thoſe many ſhadowes *Enuy* throwes,
That thy worth was ſubſtantiall, and not ſhowes.
Detraction is perplext, and flies about
Ouer a world of Acts to ſingle out
Some one or two in thy whole life to ſcan,
And proue by thē (what *Death* did) thou wer't man:
Yet ſeeing that paſt credit, ſhe deſcends
To view thy body, and her venom ſpends
Not againſt it but nature, which did ſhroud
So great a ſunne vnder ſo ſmall a cloud.
But we that plainely ſee men ſildome riſe
Though they be learn'd, iudicious, daring wiſe,

Except

Except the body ſomewhat ſuites the minde,
And good cloathes ſute the body too; are blinde
And mad with enuie if we yeeld not thee
Worth aboue thought, who to that high degree
Roſe through the eminent parts of thy bleſt ſoule,
Aboue contempt, diſgrace, ſcorne or controule.
Nature did recompence thy want of clay
With heauenly fire; thy body could not ſtay
Thy actiue ſoule heere longer, t'was too light
A clog to keepe from *Heauen* ſo ſtrong a ſpright.
Well might thy body be a ſoule to thoſe
Whoſe more groſſe earthen ſoules did late compoſe
Blacke libels gainſt thy fame, and rak'd ſo low
Into thy purged excrements to know
What foule diſeaſe durſt kill thee, and then found
Many were guilty: for it could not ſound
They thought like truth, that one diſeaſe ſlue thee
When they hauing all yet ſcape to *Deddick* free.
By this they ſhew that whatſoe're we thinke,
They know all theſe diſeaſes by th'inſtinck,
They are familier with them and of kin,
To their firſt cauſes of being deadly ſinne,
And of the elders houſe too. For the diuell
(Chiefe libeller formes all degrees of euill
And like good boies of his, theſe labour too
(More then diſeaſe, or *Death*, or *Hell* can doe)
To kill the ſoule, and to bely a fame
Which laughes to ſcorn, all *ſcorn*, & ſhames all ſhame.
You that ſtand next the helme and thinke y'are free
From their ſharpe viperous tongues, it cannot be;
If death comes, theſe *Rauens* follow, and perchance
(Time fauouring their deſires) th'eile leade the dance

And

And raile at you too. Tis not you they hate.
But our blest King, Religion, and the State.
And if (which God forefend) so stood the time
Y'ould see they could do worse, then they can rime.
Now I haue throwne my selfe into the way
To meete their rage, and (if I can) to stay
Their doglike malice rather on my head
Then suffer it pollute and wrong the dead.
If they alledge I giue him more then due,
You know their custome, they cannot speake true.
But if they say I gaue him lesse, their spite
Shewes neither I nor they can do him right.

The

The Sunne paſt by degrees thoſe ſignes
Which to his ſotherne ſeate inclines,
And now in Leo *ſate aloft.*
The ſweating labourer bans him oft,
The Shepheard melts, and ore the Plaine
His new ſhorne-ſheepe ſeeke ſhades in vaine.
The Marchant, Sea-man, euery Trade
They ſay by him are Banckrupt made.
He heares it and (at height of noone.
Hides his bright beames behinde the Moone.
They ſadly know it that doth preſage
Dearth, death, warre, want to euery age
And then his late wiſht abſence mone;
" Fooles wiſemen miſſe, when they are gone.

SInce its decreed in heauen, found true on earth,
That all things haue an end which had a birth;

Tha

That no eſtate is fixed, nights follow noone,
Ebs ſecond floods, change fils the horned Moone
Which wanes againe at full, and ſhewes the glory
Of *Earths* beſt eſſence to be tranſitory:
How happy is that Man whoſe fate expires
Before declenſion crowned with his deſires,
And hath his daies by vertuous actions told,
Gueſsing how much he would had he been old,
Since yong, his noted deeds out-vied his daies
And he lack't not true worth but rather praiſe:
Few touch this point, yet hither ſeeme to bend
Preuenting ruine with a violent end
So *Otho*, and the *Perſian Monarck* fell,
But this ſteepe way precipitates to *Hell*
Flattering with ſeeming help our wretched ſtate
Not curing woes, but making deſperate.
Our way is holy, white, and leades to bliſſe
Not by oblique attempts. For nature is
Made priuy with our paſſage, and we ſtay
Till ſhe leades gently on, Grace making way.
Not euery common *Preſident* can fit
This golden rule, all aime; but few can hit
This narrow paſſage which more fames the man,
Then ſayling twiſe through fatall *Magelan*:
Or girdling all the earth with one ſmall bote,
Diſcouering gold, new worlds, things of rare note.
From hence the ground of thy great praiſes ſprin
O *Cecill* loued of God, good men, the King,
Borne vp not by ſtolne imps or borrowed plumes,
Which lets them fall who with high flight preſumes
Neere the ſuns ſcorching beames; thy natiue worth
Vertue, and actiue knowledge, ſet thee forth

This Kingdomes *Pilot*, where no ſtorme or ſtreſſe
Could make thee loſe thy compaſſe or expreſſe
A ſhew of doubt, but firmely guide our ſtate
As th'adſt beene ruler both of chance and fate.
This well thy Maſter ſaw, who therefore plac'd
Thee next himſelfe, and with high honors grac'd
Thy great deſerts: more could'ſt thou not deſire
Nor earth afford, yet that which we admire
Was aboue this, euen in the top of theſe,
Being neerer heauen thither to mount with eaſe,
As if th'adſt tane th'aduantage of the time
On *Greatneſſe* ſtaires, helpt by good deeds to clime.
O happy thou, but wretched creatures wee
To ſee thy flight, and yet to ſlander thee:
To feele the fruite of thy life waſting care,
Which zealous for our good, no time would ſpare,
To cheeriſh nature, that we thus being free
Should onely freedome vſe to raile at thee.
Our idleneſſe proclaimes thy well ſpent time,
Since by thy meanes we leiſure haue to rime,
Whil'ſt neighbour States are acting it in blood,
Which we ſcarce heare of, neuer vnderſtood.
The benefite the Sunne giues to our ſight,
" We ſee not halfe ſo well by day as night.
" Want giues a grace to goodneſſe, when th'inioying
Confounds and dazells ſenſe like honny cloying.
Rome needes no target till the ſword be loſt:
Whil'ſt *Neſtor* wakes, well may *Thirſites* boaſt. Plutar: in vita Fabij.
Fiſhers and expert Maſters are all one
In calmes and deepes, the ſhip there goes alone.
But when the windes, ſeas, rocks, & ſands do fight,
The skilfull Maſter then keepes all vpright.

We

We feare no ſtormes the *Porpuſes* do play,
The *Dolphins* dance, and *Proteus* flocks do ſtray
O're *Neptunes* watry Kingdome ſafe and free,
None caſting doubts, or fearing what may be.
May this calme laſt perpetuall, and faith then
We ne're ſhall need thee *Cecill* nor ſuch men;
Others we haue to fill thy roome thou gone,
So *Ariſtippus* ſaith; ſtone ſits on ſtone.
We yet are ſenſeleſſe of thy loſſe, and find
No danger in't. Like ſome within the winde
Of a great ſhot, whoſe violent thunder driues
The ſenſe into diſtraction, and depriues
The earre of preſent vſe: ſo did report
Of thy death make vs mad to raile and ſport,
To temporiſe, lye, flatter; ſo defaming
Our ſelues, ſtate, manners, law, religion ſhaming;
But now the fit being paſt, tis plaine to ſenſe
" Though man forbears *Heauen* pleads for innocence
" *Vertue* o'recomes by ſufferance, and good deeds
" Are fenc'd by *Calumny*, as herbes by weeds.

Th

The Cynicke *ſicke and like to die,*
To ſuch as askt where he would lie,
Made anſwere where you will; the field
Is large and roome enough doth yeeld.
But they reply'de, the fields are wide;
Rauenous beaſts and vermine vilde
Haunt thoſe places; Kites *and* crowes
Who to dead men no mercy ſhowes.
True (quoth he) but if you pleaſe
Lay a ſtaffe to driue hence theſe.
Tis only man I feare aliue,
From my graue beaſts only driue.
"Though (liuing) we haue ſtanes for dogs,
"Dead w'are rooted vp by hogs.

Epitaphium.

EPITAPHIVM.

ROmes poiſon, *Spaines* cõplots, the *French* deſigne
Thy skill foreſees, diſcouers, vndermines.
Dog-like they lick'd the duſt, crouch't low, & faund
When (liuing) thy skil'd power did ought command:
But (dead) they madly rage, grin, ſome for ſpite,
For toothleſſe curres will barke that cannot bite.

TO

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY, HENRY DOYLE, Esquire.

THe folly which in man with wit is fixt,
Must needs haue pleasant things with wholsome (mixt;
Else Nature loaths it. Homers *frogs and Mise*
Instructs Achilles: Virgil *is not nice*
To tune an Oten pipe. These toyes I send:
Accept; to please, and profit is my end.

Sic paruis componere magna solebam.
Virgi.

SATYRA AVLICA.

WHo (weary of contentfull Countries rest)
Repaires to Court, with patience had best
Fore-arme himselfe, both *Fate* and *Fortune* proofe
'Gainst all assaults, or wisely stand aloofe:
For plainnesse is despisde, and honestie
Is fellow Shakerag with simplicitie.
To be a Scholler, is to be a foole:
Rude impudencie is the Courtiers Schoole.
Arts are but Lackies to attend and waite
On Ignorance, Apparance, and Deceite.

Canſt thou ſeeme wiſe? Enough. This followes then,
"Vizards haue fairer vizages then men.
To be a Souldier is to be a ſlaue,
Danger abroad, reproch at home to haue.
Deepe furrow'd wounds freſh bleeding in the wars
Findes leſſe reliefe and pitie then the ſcars
Of muskey Courtiers, when their ſmooth ſlike skin,
Is bramble-ſcratched with a Ladies pinne.
Nor do they now (as er'ſt they did) delight,
The ſtubborne *Steedes* to marriage to the fight;
To tilt and turnay with ſtrong ſtaues of oake,
To fight at barriars with a *Brandons* ſtroake,
To dance in compleat armour, (but alas!)
To tilt, fight, dance and turnay with a laſſe.
The *Schollerſhip* they vſe, is to diſcourſe
Of my Lords bloud-hound, and his Honors horſe:
To tell how well the one purſued the chaſe,
The other ſwiftly ranne a luſtie race.
Or if more high their heauy wits aſpire,
Ir's to diſpute of luſt, and looſe deſire.
Their Soulderie is ſwaggering in the Court,
Where none may ſtrike the vrger but in ſport:
To offer ſtrangers, ſtrange and foule diſgraces,
Preſuming on their priuiledged places.
Which oft-times is repaide them, when they come
Abroad from Court, they'r welcom'd like Iacke drum,
Their idle houres, (I meane all houres beſide
Their houres to eate, to drinke, drab, ſleepe and ride)
They ſpend at ſhoue-boord, or at penny pricke,
At dice, cards, tennis; or they will not ſticke
Rather then not be idle, to delay
At ſhittle cocke the precious time away.

O ſlaues! regard what ſlander doth ariſe
From your effeminate ſlow cowardiſe.
Haue you no Soules? no pens? no ſwords in hand?
Behold where curſed *Mahomet* doth ſtand,
Triumphing o're the Croſſe; the Iew beſide
And *Heathen* do our holy faith deride.
For *ſhame* vnſheath your ſwords, let not reproch
Your ſluggiſh eaſe in forraine kingdomes broch.
Caſt painted *Puppets* from your yeelding neckes
And ſcorne to ſtoope when the ſtale *Strumpet* beckes:
Let ſtallians ſerue to quench the ſcorching heate
Of ſuch as marrow, oyſters, Ringoes, eate.
You that are Scholers, ſouldiers, or ſuch men
Whoſe ſoules ſeeke knowledge, flee this ſhady den
Of ignorance, let thither none reſort
But Taylors, Bauds, Perfumers, fooles for ſport,
Cookes, Painters, Barbers, Fidlers; theſe may hap
To ſleepe in fortunes net, and honors lap.
In honors lap? auaunt baſe dunghill groomes
You are but ſhadowes: honors lofty roomes
Muſt be ſupplide with men. Though *Iſis Aſſe*
Thinke men adore his greatneſſe as they paſſe,
Yet *Iſis* knowes tis falſe; then hence be gone
And let deſert be honored alone.
Fortune vſurpe no more, permit not fooles
To triumph ouer Souldiers, Arts, and Schooles.
Let not the wit for higher actions able,
Attend for ſcraps at *Ignoramus* table.
Faire *Cynthia* fill thy horne, at length ariſe
And chaſe theſe blacke clouds from our troubled skies.

AN IRISH BANQVET, OR THE *Mayors feast of Youghall.*

TAles many haue been told by men of yore,
Of Giants, Dragons, and of halfe a score
Worthies saue one, of Castles, kings and knights,
Of Ladies loues, of Turnaies, and such sights
As *Mandeuile* ne're saw; yet none like this
Which my Muse howles: then listen what it is.
[a] *Saturne* grew old, and the gods did agree,
That [b] *Ioue* should him depriue of Soueraignty,
And become chiefe himselfe. A solemne day
Appointed was, when all the [c] Gods most gay,
Attired in mantles faire, and trusses strange,
Came to behold this Lecher-like lou'd change.
The frie of all the Gods was there beside,
And each his Bastard had, his Whore and Bride.
The milk-white path which to *Ioues* Pallace leades,
In comely order all this rich troope treades.
[d] *Ceres* threw wheate vpon *Ioues* face most daintie,
Presaging and forespeaking future-plenty.
The well-instructed swine did follow after,
And for the whete left something that was softer,
[e] Ciuet, like Irish sope. Sweete naturde beasts,
Fit waiters at such ciuill solemne feasts.
At length the traine reach't the high Hall of *Ioue*.
The Gods sat downe, the [f] Goddesses then stroue
For place and state: but [x] *Iuno* most demurely,
Plac'de and displac'de that day, as pleasde her surely,

9 Worthies.
a The old Maior.
b New Maior.
c Aldermen.
d An old wife.
e Smell out the meaning.
f Aldermens wiues.
x Mistres Maiores.

The

The tables ſtood full crownde with dainty diſhes,
Enough to ſatisfie the idle wiſhes
Of longing Wiues, or Maids grown green and ſickly,
With eating fruit, and doing nothing quickly.
Huge [h] hands of butter not yet fully blue,
With quiuering cuſtards of a doubtfull hue.
Stewde prune, and bread that paſſeth [i] Malahane.
And honny ſweeter farre then ſugar cane.
Greene apples and ſuch plenty of ſmall Nuts.
That therewith ſafely one might fill his guts,
Though he were ſure the Cookes were Iriſh ſluts.
The goblets ſweld with pride, themſelues to ſee,
So full of French and Spaniſh wines to be.
Nectarlike Vſqua-bath, or Aqua-vitæ, (mighty
And browne Ale growne in yeeres and ſtrength moſt
Was there as plentifull as [k] Bonniclabbar,
That euery gueſt his cleane lickt lips might ſlabbar
In full ſatiety, till they were crownde
With *Bacchus* wreathes, and in ſtill ſlumber drownde.
The fidling [l] Spheeres made muſicke all the while.
And riming [m] Bardes braue meeter did compile
To grace this feaſt: When [n] *Phœbus* ſtanding vp
Tooke in his greaſie fiſt a greaſier cup
And drunke to *Daphnes* health. *Bacchus* replide
And ſtraightway quaft another to the bride
Of *Mulciber*. This health paſt all along.
Then *Mars* his feather wagde amongſt the throng
Carowſing *Pallas* health (braue wench and wiſe)
Which draught coſt bonny [o] *Cupid* both his eyes,
Strayning to pledge it. *Maias* ſonne ſtood ſtill,
And ſtilly mark't how *Ganimed* did fill
The ſeuerall healths, which ſwiftly paſt around

h So they call their butter cakes.
i Bread of cruds.
k Common Iriſh drinke.
l Two fidlers and a blind boy with a bagpipe.
m Their Poet. Chroniclers.
n One of the Aldermen.
o The fidlers boy.

Till

Till all the Gods, and Goddesses had bound
[p] Their browes with wreaths of iuy leaues and vines,
And each his forehead to his knee enclines.
[q] *Apollo* then slipt thence, and being halfe drunke
His burning bonnet doft, and slily sunke
His head in *Thetis* lap. So heauen loft light,
And cheerefull day was damp't with irksome night.
[r] *Ioue* yet disposde to mirth, bad *Iuno* spread
Her Starry mantle or'e the worlds black head.
But [s] she inrag'de with plumpe *Lyeus* iuice,
And mad with iealousie, without excuse
Refusde to guild the then vnspangled skie,
With th'eyes of *Argus* her cow-keeping spie.
[t] And aided by Necessitie, and Fate,
And all the shrewder Goddesses, *Ioues* state
She durst assume, and boldly presse as farre
As all the Gyants in their ciuill warre.
They first bound *Ioue*, then all the other Gods,
Who were constrain'd by darknes, drink, and th'ods
Of this conspiracie, to condescend
To hard conditions for a quiet end.
[u] *Ioue* granted *Iuno* power of all the aire,
Her frowne or smile makes weather fowle or faire.
His thunderbolts and lightning she may take,
And with her tongue the worlds firme axtree shake.
From hence do women their free charter hold,
To rule gainst reason, or else cry and scold.
Proserpina obtained of her *Pluto*,
That such should only speed, who she-saints sue to:
That all affaires of man in state or purse
His wife should sway, or women that are worse.
From whence this custome springs in towne and city,

The

p They were almost all drunke.
q The sun went downe.
r Master Maior cald so his wife for candles.
s She was drunke and would none.
t She took Master Maior a box on the eare.
u Mistris Maiores might do what she would.

The wife growes rich, the bankerout begs for pitty.
Venus got leaue to lie with all that loue her.
And that no sawcy god should once reproue her:
That *Mars* and she might dally, whil'st *Don Vulcan*
Should freely to their pleasures drinke a full can.
Fró whence this vse proceeds, that wiues once wantons
Wage seruants, as the French the Swizzers Cantons.
You that are Statists looke vnto this geare,
Do not *Tyrone* and his rash striplings feare:
Feare not *Tirconnel*, nor those *Galliglasses*
That cut, and hacke, and carue men as it passes:
Feare those which all these feare, those fathers holy
Which make the whole world their sole monopoly:
That crowne & vncrowne Kings, when as they please,
Play fast and loose like Iuglers with slight ease;
Dissolue all othes, though made with hand and heart,
And pardon all sinnes, [x] yea an Irish fart.
Feare these, and [y] those they ioyne with, lest too late
We finde our Ile an Amazonian state,
Where none but women, Priests and Cocknies keepe
As close as young [z] *Papirius*, and as deepe,
And none but these state mysteries may know,
Lest they to more fooles then themselues should show
The [a] treasons, stratagems, and [b] golden fables
Which are proiected at their Councell tables.
If this aduice be good, crie, *Ioue* be thanked,
And with that short grace close my Irish banquet,

x The eight deadly sin, and more shunned of the Irishmen then the other seuen.
y Their crosses, their wiues.
z His history is well knowne. a They plot and consult of nothing else. b Stories out of the Legend which they beleeue aboue Gods Word.